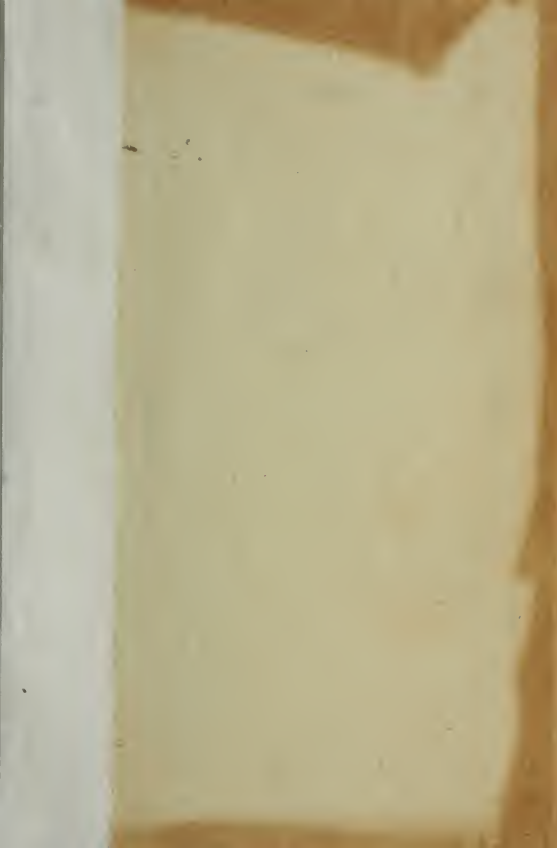


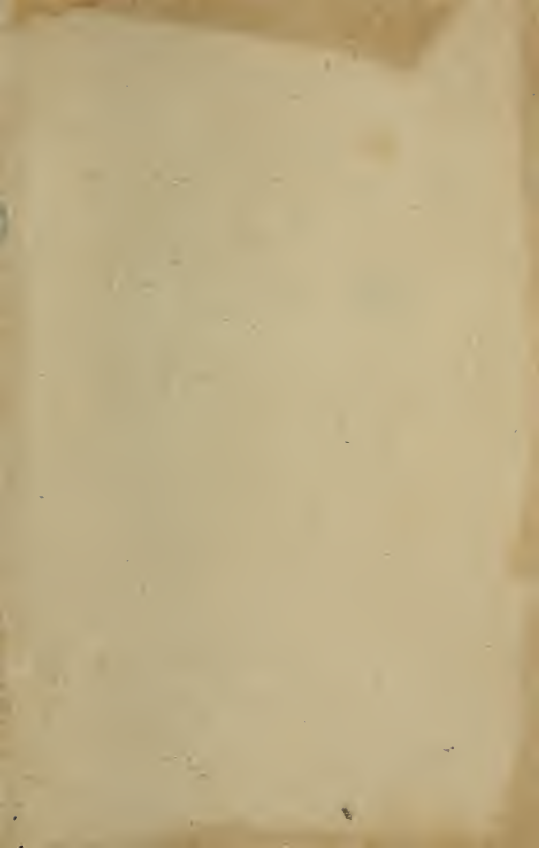


3 1761 07436956 2



Presented to
The Library
of the
University of Toronto
by
The estate of the late
Mrs. Marie E. Remon







DR. THOMAS PARNELL.

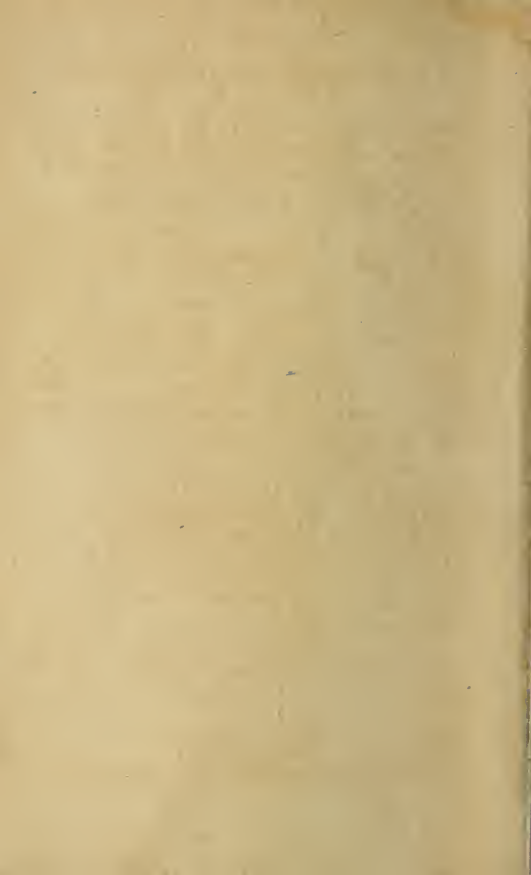
From an Original in the possession of John Hamlyn Esq.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Apr. 1th 1778.

BELL'S EDITION,
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



PARNELL, VOLUME I.
For this Commission'd, I forsook the Sky
Nay, 'twas safe to kneel. thy fellow-Servant I.
Heaven.



P2565P.R

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. THO. PARNELL.

Containing those

PUBLISHED BY MR. POPE,

Together with his whole

POSTHUMOUS PIECES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

HOR.

Such were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,
Till Death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh! just beheld and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gent'lest arts, adorn'd!
Bless'd in each science! bless'd in ev'ry strain!
Dear to the Muse, to HARLEY dear---in vain!
For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the Statesman in the Friend.-----
Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy PARNELL in his living lays.-----

POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1778.

377328
18.3.40

PR

3616

A1

1778

v.1

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. THOMAS PARNELL.
VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

ANACREONTICS,

ECLOGUES,

SONGS,



HYMNS,

EPISTLES,

MISCELLANIES,

&c. &c. &c.

Charm'd with a zeal the Maker's praise to show,
Bright Gift of Verse descend! and here below
My ravish'd heart with rais'd affection fill,
And warbling o'er the soul incline my will.
Among thy pomp let rich Expression wait,
Let ranging Numbers form thy train complete-----
And when thy feet with gliding beauty tread,
Let Fancy's flow'ry spring erect its head-----

My call is favour'd, Time, from first to last,
Unwinds his years; the present sees the past:
I view the circles as he turns them o'er,
And fix my footsteps where he went before.

GIFT OF POETRY.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

THE LIFE OF
DR. THOMAS PARNELL.

OF our exalted Poet, whose life, though far from being popular, did not altogether pass in privacy, we meet with few other accounts than such as the life of every man will afford, *viz.* when he was born, where he was educated, and where he died; for as the fame of a scholar is acquired in solitude, his life seldom abounds with adventure. But as we are naturally fond of talking of those who have afforded us pleasure, and as we never receive pleasure without a desire to be acquainted with the source from whence it springs, it is hoped these simple Memoirs of the man will not be unacceptable to those who admire the poet.

The city of Dublin had the honour of giving birth to the Author of the following Poems in the 1676, where Mr. Parnell also received the first rudiments of his education at the school of Dr. Jones. Our Author was descended from an ancient family, settled for some centuries at Congleton in Cheshire. His father, who was also named Thomas, went over to Ireland upon the Restoration, being attached to the Commonwealth party: in that kingdom he acquired very considerable property in lands, which estates, as well as those he possessed in Cheshire, descended to our Poet as his eldest son.

Our Author was received a member of the College

of Dublin at the age of thirteen, which is much earlier than usual, as at that university they are stricter in their examination for admission than either at Oxford or Cambridge. His progress through the college course of study was probably marked with but little splendour; but it is certain that as a classical scholar few could equal him; and this his own compositions, joined to the deference paid him by the most eminent men of his time, put beyond a doubt.

In July 1700 he took the degree of Master of Arts, and that same year was ordained a Deacon by William Bishop of Derry, having obtained a dispensation from the Primate, as being under twenty-three years of age. About the 1703 or 1704, he was admitted into priest's orders by William Archbishop of Dublin; and in February 1705, he was collated by Sir George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, to the Archdeaconry of Clogher.

Prior to this date our Author had paid his addresses to a young lady of great merit and beauty; this lady was Miss Anne Minchin, whom he married much about this period. He had by her two sons and one daughter. Both the sons died young; but the daughter is still alive. His wife died some time before him, and her death is said to have made so great an impression on his spirits, as to be greatly instrumental in hastening his own. In May 1716 he was presented by Archbishop King to the Vicarage of Finglas, a benefice in the Diocese of Dublin worth about 400 *l.*

per annum; but he lived not long to enjoy the benefits of this preferment; for in July 1718, when on his way to Ireland, he died at Chester, and was buried in Trinity Church in that city, without any monument to dignify the place of his interment. Having died without male-issve, his estate devolved to his only nephew, Sir John Parnell, Baronet, whose father was younger brother to the Archdeacon, and one of the Justices of the King's Bench in Ireland.

It frequently happens to men of genius, that no Memoirs can be collected of consequence enough to be recorded by the biographer. A poet, while living, is seldom an object sufficiently great to attract much attention; his real merits are commonly known but to a few, and these are generally sparing of their praises: and when his fame is transmitted to posterity by time, it becomes too late to investigate the transactions of his life, or peculiarities of his disposition.

Dr. Parnell, by what the learned have been able to trace out concerning him, was the most capable man in the world to promote the happiness of those with whom he conversed, but the least qualified to secure his own: his life was wholly spent in agony or rapture; and he was consequently either greatly elated or totally depressed. But the violence of those passions only affected his own quiet, and never interrupted the tranquillity of his connexions and friends; for being extremely sensible of the ridicule of his own

character, he successfully raised the mirth of his companions as well at his vexations as at his triumphs.

In his conversation he is said to have been extremely engaging, though in what its chiefest excellence consisted is at present unknown. Even before he discovered any genius in literary pursuits, his friendship was courted by persons of all ranks and parties. The letters which were addressed to him by his friends and correspondents are full of compliments upon his talents as a companion, and his good nature as a man. Pope stands foremost in the list of those who bear this testimony to the social qualities of Parnell, and seems to regret his absence more than any of the rest. One of his letters is in the following words :

Dear Sir,

London, July 29.

“ I WISH it were not as ungenerous as vain to complain too much of a man that forgets me, but I could expostulate with you a whole day upon your inhuman silence; I call it inhuman, nor would you think it less, if you were truly sensible of the uneasiness it gives me. Did I know you so ill as to think you proud, I would be much less concerned than I am able to be, when I know one of the best-natured men alive neglects me; and if you know me so ill as to think amiss of me, with regard to my friendship for you, you really do not deserve half the trouble you occasion me. I need not tell you that

“ both Mr. Gay and myself have written several let-
“ ters in vain; that we are constantly inquiring of
“ all who have seen Ireland if they saw you, and that
“ (forgotten as we are) we are every day remembering
“ you in our most agreeable hours. All this is true,
“ as that we are sincerely lovers of you, and deplo-
“ rers of your absence, and that we form no wish more
“ ardently than that which brings you over to us,
“ and places you in your old seat between us. We
“ have lately had some distant hopes of the Dean’s
“ design to revisit England; will not you accompany
“ him? or is England to lose every thing that has
“ any charms for us? and must we pray for banish-
“ ment as a benediction?—I have once been witness
“ of some, I hope all, of your splenetic hours; come
“ and be a comforter in your turn to me in mine. I
“ am in such an unsettled state, that I can’t tell if I
“ shall ever see you, unless it be this year; whether
“ I do or not, be ever assured you have as large a
“ share of my thoughts and good wishes as any man,
“ and as great a portion of gratitude in my heart as
“ would enrich a monarch, could he know where to
“ find it. I shall not die without testifying something
“ of this nature; and leaving to the world a memo-
“ rial of the friendship that has been so great a plea-
“ sure, and a pride to me. It would be like writing
“ my own epitaph, to acquaint you what I have lost
“ since I saw you, what I have done, what I have

“ thought, where I have lived, and where I now re-
 “ pose in obscurity. My friend Jervas, the bearer of
 “ this, will inform you of all particulars concerning
 “ me, and Mr. Ford is charged with a thousand loves,
 “ and a thousand complaints, and a thousand com-
 “ missions, to you on my part: they will both tax you
 “ with the neglect of some promises which were too
 “ agreeable to us all to be forgot: if you care for any
 “ of us, tell them so, and write so to me. I can say
 “ no more, but that I love you, and am, in spite of
 “ the longest neglect or absence, Dear Sir,
 “ Your most faithful affectionate friend and servant,

“ A. POPE.

“ Gay is in Devonshire, and from thence goes to
 “ Bath. My father and mother never fail to com-
 “ memorate you.”

To this fondness which Pope showed for the com-
 pany and correspondence of Parnell, he also owed
 him several literary obligations for the assistance given
 him in his translation of Homer. But Gay was obli-
 gated to our Author upon a different score; for his
 finances being generally low, he was not above re-
 ceiving at Parnell's hands (whom want did not com-
 pel into the service of the Muses, but who appeared
 in their train from genius and inclination) the copy-
 money which the latter got for his writings. The
 reader will not be displeas'd to see some letters under

the hands of Pope and Gay in proof of what is here advanced.

Dear Sir, Binfield, near Oakingham, Tues.

“ I BELIEVE the hurry you were in hindered your
 “ giving me a word by the last post, so that I am
 “ yet to learn whether you got well to Town, or con-
 “ tinue so there. I very much fear both for your
 “ health and your quiet, and no man living can be
 “ more truly concerned in any thing that touches
 “ either than myself. I would comfort myself, how-
 “ ever, with hoping that your business may not be
 “ unsuccessful for your sake, and that, at least, it
 “ may soon be put into other proper hands. For my
 “ own, I beg earnestly of you to return to us as soon
 “ as possible. You know how very much I want you,
 “ and that however your business may depend upon
 “ any other, my business depends entirely upon you;
 “ and yet still I hope you will find your man, even
 “ though I lose you the mean while. At this time,
 “ the more I love you the more I can spare you,
 “ which alone will, I dare say, be a reason to you to
 “ let me have you back the sooner. The minute I lost
 “ you, Eustathius with nine hundred pages, and nine
 “ thousand contractions of the Greek character, arose
 “ to my view! Spendanus, with all his auxiliaries, in
 “ number a thousand pages, (value three shillings)
 “ and Dacier’s three volumes, Barne’s two, Valteric’s

“ three, Cuperus, half in Greek, Leo Allatius, three
“ parts in Greek, Scaliger, Macrobius, and (worse
“ than them all) Aulus Gellius! All these rushed upon
“ my soul at once, and whelmed me under a fit of the
“ headach. I cursed them all religiously; damned
“ my best friends among the rest, and even blas-
“ phemed Homer himself. Dear Sir, not only as you
“ are a friend, and a good-natured man, but as you
“ are a Christian and a divine, come back speedily,
“ and prevent the increase of my sins; for at the rate
“ I have begun to rave, I shall not only damn all the
“ poets and commentators who have gone before
“ me, but be damned myself by all who come after
“ me. To be serious, you have not only left me to
“ the last degree impatient for your return, who at
“ all times should have been so, (though never so
“ much as since I knew you in best health here) but
“ you have wrought several miracles upon our fami-
“ ly: you have made old people fond of a young and
“ gay person, and inveterate Papists of a clergyman
“ of the Church of England: even nurse herself is in
“ danger of being in love in her old age, and (for all
“ I know) would even marry Dennis for your sake,
“ because he is your man, and loves his master. In
“ short, come down forthwith, or give me good rea-
“ sons for delaying, though but for a day or two, by
“ the next post. If I find them just I will come up
“ to you, though you know how precious my time is

“ at present. My hours were never worth so much
 “ money before; but perhaps you are not sensible of
 “ this, who give away your own works. You are a
 “ generous author; I a hackney scribbler: you are a
 “ Grecian, and bred at an university; I a poor Eng-
 “ lishman, of my own educating: you are a reverend
 “ person; I a wag: in short, you are Dr.Parnelle,(with
 “ an e at the end of your name) and I

“ Your most obliged

“ and affectionate friend,

“ and faithful servant,

“ A. POPE.”

“ My hearty service to the Dean, Dr Arbuthnot,
 “ Mr Ford, and the true genuine shepherd, J. Gay
 “ of Devon. I expect him down with you.”

It appears pretty clear from the above that Parnell shared with Pope in the labours of his translations, although the epistle is so ambiguously worded as to render a direct charge of this in some measure impossible. He is, however, more explicit in regard to his friend Gay's obligations to our Author. His words, in a letter without date, are to the following purpose:

Dear Sir,

“ I WRITE to you with the same warmth, the same
 “ zeal of good-will and friendship, with which I used

“ to converse with you two years ago, and can’t
“ think myself absent when I feel you so much at
“ my heart. The picture of you which Jervas brought
“ me over is infinitely less lively a representation
“ than that I carry about with me, and which rises
“ to my mind whenever I think of you. I have many
“ an agreeable reverie through those woods and downs
“ where we once rambled together: my head is some-
“ times at the Bath, and sometimes at Letcomb,
“ where the Dean makes a great part of my imagi-
“ nary entertainment; this being the cheapest way
“ of treating me, I hope he will not be displeas’d at
“ this manner of paying my respects to him, instead
“ of following my friend Jervas’ example, which, to
“ say the truth, I have as much inclination to do as
“ I want ability. I have been ever since December
“ last in greater variety of business than any such
“ man as you (that is, divines and philosophers) can
“ possibly imagine a reasonable creature capable of.
“ Gay’s play, among the rest, has cost much time
“ and long-suffering, to stem a tide of malice and
“ party that certain authors have rais’d against it.
“ The best revenge upon such fellows is now in my
“ hands; I mean your Zoilus, which really transcends
“ the expectation I had conceived of it. I have put
“ it into the press, beginning with the poem *Batra-*
“ *chom*; for you seem, by the first paragraph of the
“ *Dedication* to it, to design to prefix the name of

“ some particular person. I beg, therefore, to know
 “ for whom you intend it, that the publication may
 “ not be delayed on this account; and this as soon
 “ as is possible. Inform me, also, upon what terms I
 “ am to deal with the bookseller, and whether you
 “ design the *copy-money for Gay*, as you formerly
 “ talked; what number of books you would have
 “ yourself, &c. I scarce see any thing to be altered
 “ in this whole piece. In the Poems you sent I will
 “ take the liberty you allow me. The story of Pan-
 “ dora, and the Eclogue upon Health, are two of the
 “ most beautiful things I ever read. I don’t say this
 “ to the prejudice of the rest, but as I have read these
 “ oftener. Let me know how far my commission is to
 “ extend, and be confident of my punctual perfor-
 “ mance of whatever you enjoin. I must add a pa-
 “ ragraph on this occasion in regard to Mr Ward,
 “ whose verses have been a great pleasure to me: I
 “ will contrive they shall be so to the world, when-
 “ ever I can find a proper opportunity of publish-
 “ ing them.

“ I shall very soon print an entire collection of my
 “ own Madrigals, which I look upon as making my
 “ last will and testament, since in it I shall give all I
 “ ever intend to give, (which I’ll beg your’s and the
 “ Dean’s acceptance of) you must look on me no more
 “ a poet, but a plain commoner, who lives upon his
 “ own, and fears and flatters no man. I hope, before

“ I die, to discharge the debt I owe to Homer, and
“ get upon the whole just fame enough to serve for
“ an annuity for my own time, though I leave no-
“ thing to posterity.

“ I beg our correspondence may be more frequent
“ than it has been of late. I am sure my esteem and
“ love for you never more deserved it from you, or
“ more prompted it from you. I desired our friend
“ Jervas (in the greatest hurry of my business) to say
“ a great deal in my name, both to yourself and the
“ Dean, and must once more repeat the assurances to
“ you both of an unchanging friendship and unalter-
“ able esteem. I am, Dear Sir, most entirely

“ Your affectionate,

“ faithful, obliged friend and servant,

“ A. POPE.”

It is apparent from these letters of Pope to Parnell, that our Author was a benevolent and sincere man. He was studious that his friends should always see him to the best advantage; for when he felt the approaches of spleen and uneasiness, to which he was liable, and which sometimes persecuted him for weeks together, he returned with expedition to the remoter parts of Ireland, and there indulged in the gloomy satisfaction of exhibiting hideous paintings of the solitude to which he had retired. Scarce a bog in his

neighbourhood was left without reproach, *and scarce a mountain rear'd its head unfung.* And hence, replies Pope, in answer to one of these dreary descriptions from Parnell, "We are both miserably enough situated, God knows; but of the two evils I think the solitudes of the south are to be preferred to the deserts of the west."

What Parnell permitted the world to see of his life was splendid, his fortune being very considerable; the fact, however, is, that he lived to the extent of it, and his expenses exceeding his annual income, his successor found the estate somewhat impaired at his decease. It was the practice of our Author, on collecting his yearly revenues, to set out for England, there to enjoy the company of his friends, and laugh at the more prudent part of the world employed in pursuits after wealth. Those select friends were Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, and Jervas. Lord Oxford was also among the number of Parnell's intimate friends, whom Pope has complimented on the delicacy of his choice in the following elegant lines :

For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
 Fond to forget the Statesman in the Friend;
 For Swift and him despis'd the farce of state,
 The sober follies of the wise and great;
 Dext'rous the craving fawning crowd to quit,
 And pleas'd to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.

The Scriblerus Club, of which Swift, Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, and Jervas, together with our Author,

were the principal members, wrote many things in conjunction, and Gay usually held the pen : but there is something feeble and quaint in all their attempts, as if company repressed thought, and genius wanted solitude for its boldest and happiest exertions. Of those performances in which Parnell had the principal share, that of the Origin of the Sciences from the monkies in Ethiopia is particularly mentioned by Pope himself in some manuscript anecdotes which he left behind him. The life of Homer, as prefixed to Pope's translation of the Iliad, is the work of Parnell, but corrected by the translator, who assures the world the corrections were not effected without great labour. Parnell's prose writings teem with imagination, and shew great learning, but they want that sweetness and ease for which his poetry is so much distinguished.

There have been few poetical societies more talked of, or that have produced a greater variety of whimsical conceits, than this of the Scriblerus Club, the members of which, when in Town, were seldom asunder. Swift was usually the butt of the company, and if a trick was intended, it was generally at the expense of the Dean of St. Patrick's. The whole party once agreed to walk to the house of Lord B——, whose seat is about a dozen miles from Town; and as it was agreed by all that each should make the best of his way, Swift, who was a remarkable walker, soon

left his friends behind him, fully resolved, upon his arrival, as was his custom, to make choice of the very best bed for himself. Parnell, determined to frustrate his intended scheme, mounting on horseback, arrived at Lord B——'s by another road, long before Swift. Having apprised his Lordship of the Dean's design, it was resolved at all events to keep him out of the house, but how to effect this was the question. Swift, who never had the small-pox, dreaded catching that disorder; as soon, therefore, as he appeared striding along at some distance from the house, a messenger was dispatched to inform him that the small-pox raged with great violence in the family, but that there was a summer-house, with a field-bed in it, at his service, at the end of the garden. There the disappointed Dean retired, and supped on a cold collation sent him from the house, while the rest were feasting within. At last, compassionating his situation, he was permitted to join the company, on promise never to chuse the best bed in future.

How long the Scriblerus Club continued is not easy to determine; but as the whole of Parnell's poetical existence was not of more than eight or ten years' duration, his first excursion to England being about the 1706, and he dying in the 1718, it is probable the Club began with him, and that his death put a period to its existence: for such was the festivity of his conversation, the benevolence of his heart, and

the generosity of his temper, qualities that tend to cement any society, that his loss could hardly be replaced. Thus, in the space of a very few years, Parnell attained a share of fame equal to what most of his cotemporaries acquired in a long life.

The death of his wife, it is said, was a stroke upon our Author which he was unable to support; from which period he could never venture to court the Muse in solitude, where he was sure to find the image of her who first inspired his attempts. During his last years he therefore became more and more solicitous of company, and could scarcely support the thoughts of being alone. He began to throw himself into every company, and to seek from wine if not relief, at least insensibility. Those helps that sorrow first called in for assistance habit soon rendered necessary; and he fell in some measure a martyr to conjugal fidelity before the fortieth year of his age.

Parnell is only to be considered as a Poet, and the universal esteem in which his Poems are held, and the reiterated pleasure they give in the perusal, are sufficient evidences of their merit. His poetical language is not less correct than his subjects are pleasing. He is ever happy in the selection of his images, and scrupulously careful in the choice of his subjects. His writings bear no resemblance to those tawdry things which it has for some time been the fashion to admire, in writing which the poet sits down without any

plan, and heaps up splendid images without any selection. Our Poet gives out his beauties with a sparing hand; he is still carrying his reader forward, and just gives him refreshment sufficient to support him to his journey's end. At the end of his course the reader regrets that his way has been so short; he wonders that it gave him so little trouble, and so resolves to go the journey over again: for, to use the words of the celebrated Mr. Hume—Parnell, after the fiftieth reading, is as fresh as at the first.

Parnell appears to be the last of that great school that had modelled itself upon the Ancients, and taught English poetry to resemble what the generality of mankind have allowed to excel. A studious and correct observer of Antiquity, he set himself to consider Nature with the lights it lent him, and he found that the more aid he borrowed from the one, the more delightfully he resembled the other. To copy Nature is a task the most bungling workman is able to execute; to select such parts as contribute to delight is reserved only for those whom accident has blessed with uncommon talents, or such as have read the Ancients with indefatigable industry.

The Poems published in the different Miscellanies by Parnell, during his life, were after his death collected into one volume, and published by Pope, to which he prefixed an elegant copy of verses to Lord Oxford, already mentioned. Besides these Parnell

had written a number of other Poems, mostly on subjects moral and divine, which were afterwards published under the title of *Posthumous Works*, having an advertisement prefixed, which includes an attestation by the late Dean Swift as to the authenticity of the Poems. The whole Poems of Parnell, therefore, as well those published by Pope, as those comprehended under the title of his *Posthumous Works*, are included in the present edition. As his Pieces are numerous, and on different subjects, it would swell this Narrative beyond the prescribed limits to give strictures on their respective merits; but the whole have ever been allowed to be good, and the greater part of that whole excellent.

To the Right Honourable

ROBERT,

EARL OF OXFORD AND EARL MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,
Till Death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh! just beheld and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd!
Bless'd in each science! bless'd in ev'ry strain! 5
Dear to the Muse, to Harley dear—in vain!

For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the Statesman in the Friend;
For Swift and him despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great; 10
Dextrous the craving fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days, 15
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays;
Who careless now of int'rest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall. 20

And sure if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine;

A foul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
 Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
 The rage of pow'r, the blast of public breath, 25
 The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made,
 The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
 'Tis her's the brave man's latest steps to trace,
 Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace. 30
 When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
 And all the oblig'd desert, and all the vain,
 She waits or to the scaffold or the cell,
 When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell:
 Ev'n now she shades thy ev'ning walk with bays, 35
 (No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)
 Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
 Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day,
 Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
 Nor fears to tell that Mortimer is he. 40

Sept. 25. 1721.

A. POPE.

ANACREONTICS.

ANACREONTIC I.

WHEN spring came on with fresh delight,
To cheer the soul and charm the sight,
While easy breezes, softer rain,
And warmer suns, salute the plain,
'Twas then, in yonder piny grove, 5
That Nature went to meet with Love.

Green was her robe, and green her wreath,
Where'er she trod 'twas green beneath;
Where'er she turn'd the pulses beat
With new recruits of genial heat; 10
And in her train the birds appear,
To match for all the coming year.

Rais'd on a bank, where daisies grew,
And vi'lets intermix'd a blue,
She finds the boy she went to find; 15
A thousand Pleasures wait behind;
Aside a thousand arrows lie,
But all unfeather'd wait to fly.

When they met, the dame and boy,
Dancing Graces, idle Joy, 20
Wanton Smiles, and airy Play,
Conspir'd to make the scene be gay;

Love pair'd the birds through all the grove,
 And Nature bid them sing to Love;
 Sitting, hopping, flutt'ring, sing, 25
 And pay their tribute from the wing,
 To fledge the shafts that idly lie,
 And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.

'Tis thus, when spring renews the blood,
 They meet in ev'ry trembling wood, 30
 And thrice they make the plumes agree,
 And every dart they mount with three,
 And ev'ry dart can boast a kind,
 Which suits each proper turn of mind.

From the tow'ring eagle's plume 35
 The gen'rous hearts accept their doom;
 Shot by the peacock's painted eye
 The vain and airy lovers die:
 For careful dames and frugal men
 The shafts are speckled by the hen. 40
 The pyes and parrots deck the darts,
 When prattling wins the panting hearts;
 When from the voice the passions spring,
 The warbling finch affords a wing:
 Together by the sparrow stung, 45
 Down fall the wanton and the young;
 And fledg'd by geese the weapons fly,
 When others love they know not why.

All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)
 I learn'd in yonder waving grove. 50

" And see," says Love, (who call'd me near)
 " How much I deal with Nature here,
 " How both support a proper part,
 " She gives the feather, I the dart :
 " Then cease for souls averse to sigh, 55
 " If Nature crosses ye, so do I;
 " My weapon there unfeather'd flies,
 " And shakes and shuffles through the skies :
 " But if the mutual charms I find
 " By which she links you mind to mind, 60
 " They wing my shafts, I poize the darts,
 " And strike from both through both your hearts." 62

ANACREONTIC II.

GAY Bacchus, liking Estcourt's wine,
 A noble meal bespoke us,
 And for the guests that were to dine
 Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The god near Cupid drew his chair, 5
 Near Comus Jocus plac'd,
 For wine makes love forget its care,
 And mirth exalts a feast.

The more to please the sprightly god,
 Each sweet engaging Grace 10

Put on some clothes to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at every glass
A lady of the sky,
While Bacchus swore he'd drink the lass, 15
And had it bumper-high.

Fat Comus tofs'd his brimmers o'er,
And always got the most;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
Whene'er he mis'd the toast. 20

They call'd and drank at every touch;
He fill'd and drank again;
And if the gods can take too much,
'Tis said they did so then.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid stung, 25
By reck'ning his deceits,
And Cupid mock'd his stamm'ring tongue,
With all his stagg'ring gaits :

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,
And tales without a jest, 30
While Comus call'd his witty plays
But waggeries at best.

Such talk soon set 'em all at odds;
And, had I Homer's pen,
I'd sing ye how they drunk like gods, 35
And how they fought like men.

To part the fray the Graces fly,
Who make 'em soon agree;
Nay, had the Furies' selves been nigh,
They still were three to three. 40

Bacchus appeas'd; rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow,
But kept some darts to stir the cup
Where sack and sugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' rosy crown, 45
And gaily wore the prize,
And thrice in mirth he push'd him down,
As thrice he strove to rise.

Then Cupid fought the myrtle grove
Where Venus did recline, 50
And Venus close embracing Love,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus, loudly cursing wit,
Roll'd off to some retreat,

Where boon companions gravely sit
In fat unwieldy state.

55

Bacchus and Jocus, still behind,
For one fresh glass prepare:
They kiss, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be sincere.

60

But part in time whoever hear
This our instructive song;
For tho' such friendships may be dear,
They can't continue long.

64

ECLOGUES.

HEALTH.

AN ECLOGUE.

Now early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,
And print long footsteps in the glitt'ring grass;
The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.

When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn, 5
Damon, a youth from city cares withdrawn;
Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd through,
A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view;
There rests the youth, and while the feather'd throng
Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song. 10

Here wafted o'er by mild Etesian air,
Thou country goddess, beauteous Health! repair;
Here let my breast thro' quiv'ring trees inhale
Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale.
What are the fields, or flow'rs, or all I see? 15
Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

Joy to my Soul! I feel the goddess nigh,
The face of Nature cheers as well as I;
O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,
The smiling daisies blow beneath the sun, 20
The brooks run purling down with silver waves,
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,

The chirping birds from all the compass rove,
 To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove;
 High funny summits, deeply shaded dales, 25
 Thick mossy banks, and flow'ry winding vales,
 With various prospect gratify the sight,
 And scatter fix'd attention in delight.

Come, country Goddess! come; nor thou suffice,
 But bring thy mountain-sister Exercise. 30
 Call'd by thy lively voice she turns her pace,
 Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chace;
 She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
 Dogs, hawks, and horses, crowd her early train;
 Her hardy face repels the tanning wind, 35
 And lines and meshes loosely flote behind:
 All these as means of toil the feeble see,
 But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.

Let Sloth lie soft'ning till high noon in down,
 Or lolling fan her in the sultry town, 40
 Unnerv'd with rest, and turn her own disease,
 Or foster others in luxurious ease:
 I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
 The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;
 I lead where stags thro' tangled thickets tread, 45
 And shake the saplings with their branching head;
 I make the falcons wing their airy way,
 And soar to seize, or stooping strike, their prey;
 To snare the fish I fix the luring bait;
 To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate. 50

'Tis thus thro' change of exercise I range,
 And strength and pleasure rise from ev'ry change.
 Here, beauteous Health! for all the year remain,
 When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

Oh come, thou Goddess of my rural song! 55
 And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along,
 Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
 From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly:
 For her I mow my walks, I plow my bow'rs,
 Clip low my hedges, and support my flow'rs; 60
 To welcome her this summer-feat I dress,
 And here I court her when she comes to rest;
 When she from exercise to learned ease
 Shall change again, and teach the change to please.

Now friends conversing my soft hours refine, 65
 And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine:
 Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
 And such as make me rather good than great;
 Or o'er the works of easy Fancy rove,
 Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove: 70
 The native bard that on Sicilian plains
 First sung the lowly manners of the swains,
 Or Maro's Muse, that in the fairest light
 Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight;
 These soft amusements bring content along, 75
 And fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song.
 Here, beauteous Health! for all the year remain,
 When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again. 78

THE FLIES.

AN ECLOGUE.

WHEN in the river cows for coolness stand,
And sheep for breezes seek the lofty land,
A youth (whom Æsop taught that ev'ry tree,
Each bird and insect, spoke as well as he)
Walk'd calmly musing in a shaded way, 5
Where flow'ring hawthorn broke the sunny ray,
And thus instructs his moral pen to draw
A scene that obvious in the field he saw.

Near a low ditch, where shallow waters meet,
Which never learn'd to glide with liquid feet, 10
Whose Naiads never prattle as they play,
But, screen'd with hedges, slumber out the day,
There stands a slender fern's aspiring shade,
Whose answ'ring branches regularly laid:
Put forth their answ'ring boughs, and proudly rise
Three stories upward in the nether skies. 16

For shelter here, to shun the noon-day heat,
An airy nation of the Flies retreat;
Some in soft air their silken pinions ply,
And some from bough to bough delighted fly; 20
Some rise, and circling light to perch again,
A pleasing murmur hums along the plain.
So when a stage invites to pageant shows,
(If great and small are like) appear the beaux;

In boxes some with spruce pretention sit, 25
 Some change from seat to seat within the pit,
 Some roam the scenes, or, turning, cease to roam;
 Preluding music fills the lofty dome.

When thus a Fly (if what a Fly can say
 Deserves attention) rais'd the rural lay: 30

“ Where late Amintor made a nymph a bride,
 “ Joyful I flew by young Favonia's side,
 “ Who, mindless of the feasting, went to sip
 “ The balmy pleasure of the shepherd's lip:
 “ I saw the wanton, where I stoop'd to sup, 35
 “ And half resolv'd to drown me in the cup,
 “ Till, brush'd by careless hands, she soar'd above:
 “ Cease, Beauty! cease to vex a tender love.”

Thus ends the youth, the buzzing meadow rung,
 And thus the rival of his music sung: 40

“ When suns by thousands shone in orbs of dew,
 “ I, wafted soft, with Zephyretta flew,
 “ Saw the clean pail, and fought the milky cheer,
 “ While little Daphne seiz'd my roving dear.
 “ Wretch that I was! I might have warn'd the dame,
 “ Yet sat indulging as the danger came; 46
 “ But the kind huntress left her free to soar:
 “ Ah! guard, ye Lovers! guard a mistress more.”

Thus from the fern, whose high-projecting arms
 The fleeting nation bent with dusky swarms, 50
 The swains their love in easy music breathe,
 When tongues and tumult stun the field beneath:

Black ants in teams come dark'ning all the road,
 Some call to march, and some to lift the load;
 They strain, they labour with incessant pains, 55
 Press'd by the cumbrous weight of single grains.
 The Flies, struck silent, gaze with wonder down;
 The busy burghers reach their earthy town,
 Where lay the burthens of a wint'ry store,
 And thence unwearied part in search of more: 60
 Yet one grave sage a moment's space attends,
 And the small city's loftiest point ascends,
 Wipes the salt dew that trickles down his face,
 And thus harangues them with the gravest grace:

“Ye foolish Nurslings of the summer air! 65
 “These gentle tunes and whining songs forbear;
 “Your trees and whisp'ring breeze, your grove and
 “Your Cupid's quiver, and his mother's dove: [love,
 “Let bards to business bend their vig'rous wing,
 “And sing but seldom, if they love to sing; 70
 “Else when the flourets of the season fail,
 “And this your ferny shade forsakes the vale,
 “Tho' one would save ye, not one grain of wheat
 “Should pay such songsters idling at my gate.”

He ceas'd: the Flies, incorrigibly vain,
 Heard the May'r's speech, and fell to sing again. 76

SONGS.

SONG I.

WHEN thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky,
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes thro' every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your
Then I know you're a woman again. [heart,

"There's a passion and pride II

"In our sex (she reply'd)

"And thus (might I gratify both) I would do:

"Still an angel appear to each lover beside,

"But still be a woman to you." I3

SONG II.

THYRSIS, a young and am'rous swain,
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,

Who both his heart subdue;
 Gay Cælia's eyes were dazzling fair,
 Sabina's easy shape and air
 With softer magic drew.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,
 Lives in a fond romance of love,
 And seems for each to die,
 Till each a little spiteful grown,
 Sabina Cælia's shape ran down,
 And she Sabina's eye.

Their envy made the shepherd find
 Those eyes which Love could only blind,
 So set the lover free :
 No more he haunts the grove or stream,
 Or with a true-love knot and name
 Engraves a wounded tree.

“ Ah, Cælia! (sly Sabina cry'd)
 “ Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd; 20
 “ Now to support the sex's pride,
 “ Let either fix the dart.”
 “ Poor Girl! (says Cælia) say no more;
 “ For should the swain but one adore,
 “ That spite which broke his chains before
 “ Would break the other's heart.” 26

SONG III.

My days have been so wondrous free,
 The little birds that fly
 With careless ease from tree to tree
 Were but as blest'd as I.

Ask gliding waters if a tear
 Of mine increas'd their stream?
 Or ask the flying gales if e'er
 I lent one sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught; 10
 The tender chains of sweet desire
 Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye Nightingales! ye twisting Pines!
 Ye Swains that haunt the grove!
 Ye gentle Echoes & breezy Winds! 15
 Ye close Retreats of Love!

With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design;
 O teach a young unpractis'd heart
 To make my Nancy mine. 20

The very thought of change I hate
 As much as of despair,
 Nor ever covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.

'Tis true the passion in my mind 23
 Is mix'd with soft distrefs,
 Yet while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less. 24

H Y M N S.

A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind !
Sweet delight of human kind !
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the sky
With more of happiness below 5
Than victors in a triumph know !
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head !
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease ? 10
Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state to meet thee there.
Increasing Avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd.
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way 15
Thro' rocks, amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love, and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales, 20
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)

Amusing thought, but learns to know
 That solitude's the nurse of woe.
 No real happiness is found 35
 In trailing purple o'er the ground ;
 Or in a soul exalted high,
 To range the circuit of the sky ;
 Converse with stars above, and know
 All Nature in its forms below ; 30
 The rest it seeks in seeking dies,
 And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely lasting Peace ! appear ;
 This world itself, if thou art here,
 Is once again with Eden blest, 35
 And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
 I sung my wishes to the wood,
 And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
 The branches whisper as they wav'd : 40
 It seem'd as all the quiet place
 Confess'd the presence of the Grace :
 When thus she spoke——“ Go rule thy will,
 “ Bid thy wild passions all be still ;
 “ Know God—and bring thy heart to know 45
 “ The joys which from religion flow ;
 “ Then ev'ry Grace shall prove its guest,
 “ And I'll be there to crown the rest.”

Oh ! by yonder mossy seat,
 In my hours of sweet retreat, 50

Might I thus my soul employ
 With sense of gratitude and joy,
 Rais'd, as ancient prophets were,
 In heav'nly vision, praise, and pray'r,
 Pleasing all men, hurting none, 55
 Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone;
 Then while the gardens take my sight
 With all the colours of delight,
 While silver waters glide along,
 To please my ear and court my song, 60
 I'll lift my voice and tune my string,
 And thee, great Source of Nature! sing.

The sun that walks his airy way
 To light the world and give the day,
 The moon that shines with borrow'd light, 65
 The stars that gild the gloomy night,
 The seas that roll unnumber'd waves,
 The wood that spreads its shady leaves,
 The field whose ears conceal the grain,
 The yellow treasure of the plain; 70
 All of these, and all I see,
 Should be sung, and sung by me;
 They speak their Maker as they can,
 But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams, 75
 Your busy or your vain extremes,
 And find a life of equal bliss,
 Or own the next begun in this. 78

A HYMN FOR MORNING.

SEE, the star that leads the day
 Rising shoots a golden ray,
 To make the shades of darkness go
 From heav'n above and earth below,
 And warn us early with the sight
 To leave the beds of silent night,
 From an heart sincere and sound,
 From its very deepest ground,
 Send Devotion up on high,
 Wing'd with heat, to reach the sky. 10
 See the time for sleep has run,
 Rise before or with the sun,
 Lift thine hands, and humbly pray
 The Fountain of eternal day,
 'That as the light serenely fair 15
 Illustrates all the tracts of air,
 The sacred Spirit so may rest
 With quick'ning beams upon thy breast,
 And kindly clean it all within
 From darker blemishes of sin, 20
 And shine with grace, until we view
 The realm it gilds with glory too.
 See the day that dawns in air,
 Brings along its toil and care,
 From the lap of Night it springs 25
 With heaps of bus'ness on its wings;

Prepare to meet them in a mind
 That bows submissively resign'd,
 That would to works appointed fall,
 And knows that God has order'd all. 30
 And whether with a small repast
 We break the sober morning fast,
 Or in our thoughts and houses lay
 The future methods of the day,
 Or early walk abroad to meet 35
 Our bus'ness, with industrious feet,
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
 His glory still be kept in view.
 O Giver of eternal blifs!
 Heav'nly Father! grant me this, 40
 Grant it all as well as me,
 All whose hearts are fix'd on thee,
 Who revere thy Son above,
 Who thy sacred Spirit love. 44

A HYMN FOR NOON.

THE sun is swiftly mounted high,
 It glitters in the southern sky,
 Its beams with force and glory beat,
 And fruitful earth is fill'd with heat.
 Father! also with thy fire 5
 Warm the cold the dead desire,

And make the sacred love of thee
 Within my soul a sun to me:
 Let it shine so fairly bright,
 That nothing else be took for light,
 That worldly charms be seen to fade,
 And in its lustre find a shade:
 Let it strongly shine within,
 To scatter all the clouds of sin,
 That drive when gusts of passion rise,
 And intercept it from our eyes:
 Let its glory more than vie
 With the sun that lights the sky:
 Let it swiftly mount in air,
 Mount with that, and leave it there,
 And soar with more aspiring flight
 To realms of everlasting light.
 Thus, while here I'm forc'd to be,
 I daily wish to live with thee,
 And feel that union which thy love
 Will, after death, complete above. 25
 From my soul I send my pray'r,
 Great Créator! how thine ear;
 Thou, for whose propitious sway
 The world was taught to see the day,
 Who spake the word, and earth begun,
 And shew'd its beauties in the sun,
 With pleasure I thy creatures view,
 And would with good affection too, 30

Good affection sweetly free, 35
 Loose from them, and move to thee:
 O teach me due returns to give,
 And to thy glory let me live!
 And then my days shall shine the more,
 Or pass more blessed than before. 40

A HYMN FOR EVENING.

THE beam-repelling mists arise,
 And ev'ning spreads obscurer skies:
 The twilight will the night forerun,
 And night itself be soon begun.
 Upon thy knees devoutly bow 5
 And pray the Lord of glory now
 To fill thy breast, or deadly sin
 May cause a blinder night within.
 And whether pleasing vapours rise,
 Which gently dim the closing eyes, 10
 Which makes the weary members blest
 With sweet refreshment in their rest,
 Or whether spirits in the brain
 Dispel their soft embrace again,
 And on my watchful bed I stay, 15
 Forsook by sleep, and waiting day;
 Be God for ever in my view,
 And never he forsake me too;

But still as day concludes in night,
 To break again with new-born light,
 His wondrous bounty let me find
 With still a more enlighten'd mind.
 When grace and love in one agree,
 Grace from God, and love from me,
 Grace that will from heav'n inspire,
 Love that seals it in desire,
 Grace and love that mingle beams,
 And fill me with increasing flames.
 Thou that hast thy palace far
 Above the moon and every star,
 Thou that sittest on a throne
 To which the night was never known,
 Regard my voice, and make me blest,
 By kindly granting its request.
 If thoughts on thee my soul employ,
 My darknes will afford me joy,
 Till thou shalt call and I shall soar,
 And part with darknes evermore.

EPISTLES.

TO MR. POPE.

To praise, yet still with due respect to praise,
A bard triumphant in immortal bays;
The learn'd to show, the sensible commend,
Yet still preserve the province of the friend;
What life, what vigour, must the lines require? 5
What music tune them? what affection fire?
O might thy genius in my bosom shine!
Thou shouldst not fail of numbers worthy thine;
The brightest Ancients might at once agree
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee. 10

Horace himself would own thou dost excel
In candid arts to play the critic well;
Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame
Whom Windsor Forest sees a gliding stream;
On silver feet, with annual osier crown'd, 15
She runs for ever thro' poetic ground.

How flame the glories of Belinda's hair!
Made by thy Muse the envy of the fair;
Less shone the tresses Egypt's princess wore,
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before. 20
Here courtly trifles set the world at odds,
Belles war with beaux, and whims descend for gods.
The new machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave frenzy of the chemic fool:

But know, ye Fair! a point conceal'd with art, 25
 The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart:
 The Graces stand in fight; a Satyr train
 Peep o'er their heads, and laugh behind the scene.

In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits, 1
 Enshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits, 30
 And sits in measures such as Virgil's Muse,
 To place thee near him, might be fond to chuse:
 How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
 Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he,
 While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wife, 35
 Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the prize?
 Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
 And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
 Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
 Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia! hail: 40
 Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
 Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head;
 Still slide thy waters soft among the trees,
 Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze;
 Smile all thy vallies in eternal spring; 45
 Be hush'd, ye Winds! while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
 Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;
 He shines in council, thunders in the fight,
 And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight. 50
 Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
 Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;

In all the majesty of Greek retir'd,
 Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd,
 His language failing wrapp'd him round with night,
 Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light. 56
 So wealthy mines, that ages long before
 Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
 When chok'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
 And shepherds only say, "The mines were here;" 60
 Should some rich youth (if Nature warm his heart,
 And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
 Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein,
 The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs! 65
 How ev'ry music varies in thy lines!
 Still as I read I feel my bosom beat,
 And rise in raptures by another's heat.
 Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
 When Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease, 70
 Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle, blest,
 And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest;
 The shades resound with song—O softly tread!
 While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my friend—and when a friend inspires, 75
 My silent harp its master's hand requires,
 Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound,
 For Fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground,
 Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
 From wit, from learning,—far, oh far! from thee, 80

Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf,
 Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf;
 Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
 Rocks at their side, and torrents at their feet,
 Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood, 85
 Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.

Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Ease,
 A friend delight me, and an author please;
 Ev'n here I sing, while Pope supplies the theme
 Show my own love, tho' not increase his fame. 90

TO A YOUNG LADY,

On her translation of the story of

PHOEBUS AND DAPHNE, FROM OVID.

IN Phœbus Wit (as Ovid said)
 Enchanting Beauty woo'd;
 In Daphne Beauty coily fled,
 While vainly Wit pursu'd.

But when you trace what Ovid writ, 5
 A diff'rent turn we view;
 Beauty no longer flies from Wit,
 Since both are join'd in you.

Your lines the wondrous change impart
 From whence our laurels spring, 10
 In numbers fram'd to please the heart,
 And merit what they sing.

Methinks thy Poet's gentle shade
 Its wreath presents to thee;
 What Daphne owes you as a maid,
 She pays you as a tree. 16

E ij

MISCELLANIES.

HESIOD:

OR,

THE RISE OF WOMAN.

WHAT ancient times (those times we fancy wise)
Have left on long record of Woman's rise,
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,
What author wrote it, how that author dy'd,
All these I sing. In Greece they fram'd the tale, 5
(In Greece 'twas thought a Woman might be frail.)
Ye modern Beauties! where the poet drew
His softest pencil, think he dream'd of you;
And warn'd by him, ye wanton Pens! beware
How Heav'n's concern'd to vindicate the fair. 10
The case was Hesiod's; he the fable writ;
Some think with meaning, some with idle wit:
Perhaps 'tis either, as the ladies please;
I waive the contest, and commence the lays.

In days of yore, (no matter where or when, 15
'Twas ere the low creation swarm'd with men)
That one Prometheus, sprung of heav'nly birth,
(Our author's song can witness) liv'd on earth:

He carv'd the turf to mould a manly frame,
 And stole from Jove his animating flame; 20
 The sly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,
 When thus the monarch of the stars began.

“ Oh vers'd in arts! whose daring thoughts aspire
 “ To kindle clay with never-dying fire!
 “ Enjoy thy glory past, that gift was thine; 25
 “ The next thy creature meets be fairly mine:
 “ And such a gift, a vengeance so design'd,
 “ As suits the counsel of a god to find;
 “ A pleasing bosom-cheat, a specious ill,
 “ Which felt they curse, yet covet still to feel.” 30

He said, and Vulcan straight the fire commands
 To temper mortar with ethereal hands;
 In such a shape to mould a rising fair,
 As virgin-goddesses are proud to wear;
 To make her eyes with diamond-water shine, 35
 And form her organs for a voice divine.

'Twas thus the fire ordain'd; the pow'r obey'd,
 And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made;
 The fairest, softest, sweetest, frame beneath,
 Now made to seem, now more than seem, to breathe!

As Vulcan ends the cheerful queen of charms 41
 Clasp'd the new-panting creature in her arms;
 From that embrace a fine complexion spread,
 Where mingled whiteness glow'd with softer red;
 Then in a kiss she breath'd her various arts 45
 Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts;

A mind for love, but still a changing mind,
 The lip affected, and the glance design'd;
 The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink,
 The gentle-swimming walk, the courteous sink; 50
 The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown,
 For decent yielding, looks declining down;
 The practis'd languish, where well-feign'd desire
 Would own its melting in a mutual fire;
 Gay smiles to comfort, April show'rs to move, 55
 And all the nature, all the art, of love.

Gold-sceptred Juno next exalts the fair,
 Her touch endows her with imperious air,
 Self-valuing fancy, highly-crested pride,
 Strong sov'reign will, and some desire to chide; 60
 For which an eloquence that aims to vex,
 With native tropes of anger arms the sex.

Minerva (skilful goddess) train'd the maid
 To twirl the spindle by the twisting thread,
 To fix the loom, instruct the reeds to part, 65
 Cross the long web, and close the web with art;
 An useful gift; but what profuse expense,
 What world of fashions, took its rise from hence!

Young Hermes next, a close-contriving god,
 Her brows encircled with his serpent rod; 70
 Then plots and fair excuses fill'd her brain,
 The views of breaking am'rous vows for gain,
 The price of favours, the designing arts
 That aim at riches in contempt of hearts;

And for a comfort in the marriage life, 75
The little pill'ring temper of a wife.

Full on the fair his beams Apollo flung,
And fond persuasion tipp'd her easy tongue;
He gave her words where oily flatt'ry lays
The pleasing colours of the art of praise; 80
And wit, to scandal exquisitely prone,
Which frets another's spleen to cure its own.

Those sacred virgins whom the bards revere,
Tun'd all her voice, and shed a sweetness there,
To make her sense with double charms abound, 85
Or make her lively nonsense please by sound.

To dress the maid, the decent Graces brought
A robe in all the dies of beauty wrought,
And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade,
Where pictur'd Loves on ev'ry cover play'd; 90
Then spread those implements that Vulcan's art
Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart;
The wire to curl, the close-indented comb,
To call the locks that lightly wander home,
And, chief, the mirrour, where the ravish'd maid 95
Beholds and loves her own reflected shade.

Fair Flora lent her stores, the purpled Hours
Confin'd her tresses with a wreath of flow'rs;
Within the wreath arose a radiant crown,
A veil pellucid hung depending down; 100
Back roll'd her azure veil with serpent fold,
The purpled border deck'd the floor with gold.

Her robe (which closely by the girdle brac'd
 Reveal'd the beauties of a slender waste)
 Flow'd to the feet, to copy Venus' air, 105
 When Venus' statues have a robe to wear.

The new-sprung creature, finish'd thus for harms,
 Adjusts her habit, practises her charms,
 With blushes glows, or shines with lively smiles,
 Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles; 110
 Then conscious of her worth, with easy pace
 Glides by the glass, and turning views her face.

A finer flax than what they wrought before,
 Thro' Time's deep cave the Sister Fates explore,
 Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave, 115
 And thus their toil prophetic songs deceive.

“ Flow from the rock, my Flax! and swiftly flow,
 “ Pursue thy thread, the spindle runs below:
 “ A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
 “ The creature Woman, rises now to reign: 120
 “ New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;
 “ New love begins, a love produc'd to die;
 “ New parts distress the troubled scenes of life,
 “ The fondling mistress and the ruling wife.

“ Men, born to labour, all with pains provide, 125
 “ Women have time to sacrifice to pride;
 “ They want the care of man, their want they know,
 “ And dress to please with heart-alluring show;
 “ The show prevailing, for the sway contend,
 “ And make a servant where they meet a friend. 130

" Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts
 " A loitering race the painful bee supports;
 " From sun to sun, from bank to bank, he flies,
 " With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs;
 " Fly where he will, at home the race remain, 135
 " Prune the silk dress, and murm'ring eat the gain.
 " Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
 " Whose temper betters by the father's side;
 " Unlike the rest that double human care,
 " Fond to relieve, or resolute to share: 140
 " Happy the man whom thus his stars advance!
 " The curse is gen'ral, but the blessing chance."

Thus sung the Sisters, while the gods admire
 Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire;
 The young Pandora she, whom all contend 145
 To make too perfect not to gain her end;
 Then bid the winds that fly to breathe the spring
 Return to bear her on a gentle wing:
 With wafting airs the winds obsequious blow,
 And land the shining vengeance safe below: 150
 A golden coffer in her hand she bore,
 (The present treach'rous, but the bearer more)
 'Twas fraught with pangs, for Jove ordain'd above
 That gold should aid, and pangs attend on Love.

Her gay descent the man perceiv'd afar, 155
 Wond'ring, he run to catch the falling star;
 But so surpris'd, as none but he can tell,
 Who lov'd so quickly, and who lov'd so well.

O'er all his veins the wand'ring passion burns,
 He calls her Nymph, and ev'ry nymph by turns: 160
 Her form to lovely Venus' he prefers,
 Or swears that Venus' must be such as her's.
 She, proud to rule, yet strangely fram'd to teize,
 Neglects his offers while her airs she plays,
 Shoots scornful glances from the bended frown, 165
 In brisk disorder trips it up and down,
 Then hums a careless tune to lay the storm,
 And sits and blushes, smiles, and yields in form.

“ Now take, what Jove design'd, (she softly cry'd)
 “ This box thy portion, and myself thy bride.” 170
 Fir'd with the prospect of the double charms,
 He snatch'd the box and bride with eager arms.

Unhappy man! to whom so bright she shone,
 The fatal gift, her tempting self, unknown!
 The winds were silent, all the waves asleep, 175
 And heav'n was trac'd upon the flatt'ring deep;
 But whilst he looks, unmindful of a storm,
 And thinks the water wears a stable form,
 What dreadful din around his ears shall rise!
 What frowns confuse his picture of the skies! 180

At first the creature man was fram'd alone
 Lord of himself, and all the world his own;
 For him the Nymphs in green forsook the woods,
 For him the Nymphs in blue forsook the floods;
 In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave, 185
 They bore him heroes in the secret cave;

No care destroy'd, no sick disorder prey'd,
 No bending age his sprightly form decay'd;
 No wars were known, no females heard to rage,
 And poets tell us 'twas a Golden Age. 190

When Woman came, these ills the box confin'd
 Burst furious out, and poison'd all the wind;
 From point to point, from pole to pole, they flew,
 Spread as they went, and in the progress grew:
 The Nymphs regretting left the mortal race, 195
 And alt'ring Nature wore a sickly face:
 New terms of folly rose, new states of care,
 New plagues, to suffer and to please the fair!
 The days of whining and of wild intrigues
 Commenc'd, or finish'd with the breach of leagues;
 The mean designs of well-dissembled love, 201
 The fordid matches never join'd above;
 Abroad the labour, and at home the noise,
 (Man's double suff'rings for domestic joys)
 The curse of jealousy, expense and strife, 205
 Divorce, the publick brand of shameful life;
 The rival's sword, the qualm that takes the fair,
 Disdain for passion, passion in despair——
 These, and a thousand yet unnam'd, we find;
 Ah, fear the thousand yet unnam'd behind! 210

Thus on Parnassus tuneful Hesiod sung,
 The mountain echo'd, and the valley rung,
 The sacred groves a fix'd attention show,
 The crystal Helicon forbore to flow,

The sky grew bright, and (if his verse be true) 215
The Muses came to give the laurel too.

But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,
If Love swore vengeance for the tales he writ?
Ye Fair offended! hear your friend relate
What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate, 220
Tho' when it happen'd no relation clears,
'Tis thought in five, or five-and-twenty years.

Where, dark and silent, with a twisted shade
The neighb'ring woods a native arbour made,
There oft a tender pair for am'rous play 225
Retiring, toy'd the ravish'd hours away;
A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he,
A fair Milesian, kind Evanthe she;
But swelling Nature in a fatal hour
Betray'd the secrets of the conscious bow'r; 230
The dire disgrace her brothers count their own,
And track her steps to make its author known.

It chanc'd one ev'ning, ('twas the lovers' day)
Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay,
When Hesiod wand'ring, mus'd along the plain, 235
And fix'd his seat where Love had fix'd the scenc:
A strong suspicion straight possess'd their mind,
(For poets ever were a gentle kind)
But when Evanthe near the passage stood,
Flung back a doubtful look, and shot the wood; 240
"Now take (at once they cry) thy due reward,"
And, urg'd with erring rage, assault the bard.

His corpse the sea receiv'd. The dolphins bore
('Twas all the gods would do) the corpse to shore.

Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes, 245
And see the dreams of ancient Wisdom rise ;
I see the Muses round the body cry,
But hear a Cupid loudly laughing by ;
He wheels his arrow with insulting hand,
And thus inscribes the moral on the sand ; 250
“ Here Hesiod lies : ye future Bards ! beware
“ How far your moral tales incense the fair :
“ Unlov'd, unloving, 'twas his fate to bleed ;
“ Without his quiver Cupid caus'd the deed :
“ He judg'd this turn of malice justly due,
“ And Hesiod dy'd for joys he never knew. 256

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
 From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
 Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,
 Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose,
 That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey;
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway: 10
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenour of his soul is lost:

So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
 Calm Nature's image on its watry breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with ans'ring colours glow; 16
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run. 20

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books or swains report it right,
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
 He quits his cell: the pilgrim-staff he bore, 25
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;

Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass; 30
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair:
Then near approaching, "Father! hail," he cry'd; 35
And, "Hail, my Son!" the rev'rend Sire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart: 40
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose; 45
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirt of praise, 51
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liv'ry'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.

The table groans with costly piles of food, 55
 And all is more than hospitably good.

Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
 Along the wide canals the Zephyrs play ; 60

Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.

Up rise the guests, obedient to the call ;
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;

Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd, 65
 Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.

Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go,
 And but the landlord none had cause of woe :

His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise
 The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize. 70

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glist'ning and basking in the summer-ray,

Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;

So seem'd the Sire, when far upon the road 75
 The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.

He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :

Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
 That generous actions meet a base reward. 80

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;

A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
 And beasts to covert skud across the plain.
 Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat, 85
 To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
 'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
 Its owner's temper tim'rous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there. 90
 As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
 The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs began,
 And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain, 95
 Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast;
 ('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest)
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shivering pair; 100
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And Nature's fervour thro' their limbs recalls:
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease, 105
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd
 In one so rich a life so poor and rude;
 And why should such, (within himself he cry'd)
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside? 110

But what new marks of wonder soon took place
 In every settling feature of his face,
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl 115
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day: 120
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travel of uncertain thought;
 His partner's acts without their cause appear, 125
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
 Again the wand'ers want a place to lie; 130
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh:
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low nor idly great,
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, and not for praise but virtue kind. 135

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:

Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

“ Without a vain, without a grudging heart, 140

“ To him who gives us all I yield a part ;

“ From him you come, for him accept it here,

“ A frank and sober, more than costly, cheer.”

He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,

Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed, 145

When the grave household round his hall repair,

Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,

Was strong for toil, the dappled Morn arose ;

Before the pilgrims part the younger crept 150

Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,

And writh'd his neck : the landlord's little pride,

O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.

Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !

How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done ? 155

Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,

And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,

He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.

His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay 160

Perplex'd with roads ; a servant show'd the way :

A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er

Was nice to find ; the servant trod before :

Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,

And deep the waves beneath the bending ghâde. 165

The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead!

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the Father's eyes,
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries, 171
 "Detested Wretch!"—But scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet; 175
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
 Celestial odours breathe thro' purpl'd air;
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight, 180
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends. 185

But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
 (The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)

"Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life, to vice unknown,
 "In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
 "These charms success in our bright region find, 190
 "And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
 "For this commission'd, I forsook the sky:
 "Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I,

“ Then know the truth of government divine,
 “ And let these scruples be no longer thine. 195

“ The Maker justly claims that world he made,
 “ In this the right of Providence is laid ;
 “ Its sacred majesty thro’ all depends
 “ On using second means to work his ends :

“ ’Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye, 200
 “ The pow’r exerts his attributes on high,
 “ Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
 “ And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

“ What strange events can strike with more surprisè
 “ Than those which lately strook thy wond’ring eyes ?
 “ Yet taught by these, confess th’ Almighty just, 206
 “ And where you can’t unriddle learn to trust.

“ The great vain man who far’d on costly food,
 “ Whose life was too luxurious to be good,
 “ Who made his iv’ry stands with goblets shine, 210
 “ And forc’d his guests to morning draughts of wine,
 “ Has with the cup the graceless custom lost,
 “ And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

“ The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
 “ Ne’er mov’d in duty to the wand’ring poor, 215
 “ With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
 “ That Heav’n can bless if mortals will be kind.
 “ Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 “ And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.

“ Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead, 220
 “ With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;

" In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 " And loose from dross the silver runs below.
 " Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
 " But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
 " (Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain, 226
 " And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
 " To what excesses had his dotage run!
 " But God to save the father took the son.
 " To all but thee in fits he seem'd to go, 230
 " (And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.)
 " The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
 " Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
 " But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
 " Had that false servant sped in safety back: 235
 " This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
 " And what a fund of charity would fail!
 " Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
 " Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."
 On founding pinions here the youth withdrew,
 The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew. 241
 Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high
 His master took the chariot of the sky;
 The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
 The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too. 245
 The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
 " Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done."
 Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
 And pass'd a life of piety and peace. 249

A FAIRY TALE,

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

I
N Britain's isle and Arthur's days,
When midnight Faeries daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green ;
Edwin, I wis a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sence, and truth, 5
Tho' badly shap'd he been.

His mountain back mote well be said
To measure height against his head,
And list it self above ;
Yet spite of all that Nature did 10
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within ; 15
But one Sir Topaz drefs'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin (if right I read my song)
With slighted passion pac'd along 20
All in the moony light :

'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive Faeries made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was crost, 25
'Twas late, 'twas farr, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour-town :
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown. 30

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground ;
And (well I ween to count aright)
At once an hundred tapers light 35
On all the walls around.

Now founding tongues assail his ear,
Now founding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds encrease,
And from the corner where he lay 40
He sees a train profusely gay
Come prancing o'er the place.

But (trust me, Gentles!) never yet
 Was dight a masquing half so neat,
 Or half so rich before ; 45
 The country lent the sweet perfumes,
 The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
 The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd a gallant, drest
 In flaunting robes above the rest, 50
 With awfull accent cry'd ;
 " What mortall of a wretched mind,
 " Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
 " Has here presum'd to hide ?"

At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul 55
 No fears of magic art controul,
 Advanc'd in open sight :
 " Nor have I cause of dread," he said,
 " Who view (by no presumption led)
 " Your revels of the night. 60

" 'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
 " Which made my steps unweeting rove
 " Amid the nightly dew."
 " 'Tis well," the gallant cries again ;
 " We Faeries never injure men 65
 " Who dare to tell us true.

“ Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
 “ Be mine the task, or ere we part,
 “ To make thee grief resign :
 “ Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce, 70
 “ Whilst I with Mab, my part’ner, daunce,
 “ Be little Mable thine.”

He spoke, and all a sudden there
 Light musick flotes in wanton air ;
 The monarch leads the Queen : 75
 The rest their Faerie partners found,
 And Mable trimly tript the ground
 With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
 And siker such a feast was made 80
 As heart and lip desire ;
 Withouten hands the dishes fly,
 The glasses with a wish come nigh,
 And with a wish retire.

But now, to please the Faerie King, 85
 Full ev’ry deal they laugh and sing,
 And antick feats devise ;
 Some wind and tumble like an ape,
 And other some transmute their shape
 In Edwin’s wond’ring eyes : 90

'Till one, at last, that Robin hight,
 (Renown'd for pinching maids by night)
 Has hent him up aloof;
 And full against the beam he flung,
 Where by the back the youth he hung 95
 To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm," he crys,
 "And let it fairly now suffice
 "The gambol has been shown."
 But Oberon answers with a smile, 100
 "Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
 "The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantome play,
 They smelt the fresh approach of day,
 And heard a cock to crow; 105
 The whirling wind that bore the crowd
 Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
 To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
 And all at once the tapers dy; 110
 Poor Edwin falls to floor:
 Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
 Was never wight in sicke a case
 Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
 Full jolly creature home he goes, 115
 He feels his back the lefs;
 His honest tongue and steady mind
 Can ride him of the lump behind
 Which made him want success. 120

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
 He seems a-dauncing as he walks;
 His story soon took wind;
 And beauteous Edith sees the youth
 Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth, 125
 Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
 (The youth of Edith erst approv'd)
 To see the revel scene:
 At close of eve he leaves his home, 130
 And wends to find the ruin'd dome
 All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
 The wind came rustling down a dell,
 A shaking seiz'd the wall: 135
 Up spring the tapers as before,
 The Faeries bragly foot the floor,
 And musick fills the hall.

But certes, forely sunk with woe,
 Sir Topaz sees the Elfin show, 140
 His spirits in him dy;
 When Oberon cries, " A man is near,
 " A mortall passion, cleeped Fear,
 " Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that Sir Topaz (hapless youth !)
 145
 In accents fault'ring, ay for ruth
 Intreats them pity graunt;
 For als he been a mister wight
 Betray'd by wand'ring in the night
 To tread the circled haunt. 150

" Ah, Lofell vile!" at once they roar,
 " And little skill'd of Faerie lore,
 " Thy cause to come we know :
 " Now has thy kestrell courage fell,
 " And Faeries, since a ly you tell, 155
 " Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
 To trail the swains among the mire,
 The caitive upward flung;
 There like a tortoise in a shop 160
 He dangled from the chamber-top,
 Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
 Deffly they frisk it o'er the place,
 They sit, they drink, and eat; 165
 The time with frolick mirth beguile,
 And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
 Till all the rout retreat.

By this the starrs began to wink,
 They skriek, they fly, the tapers sink, 170
 And down ydrops the knight;
 For never spell by Faerie laid
 With strong enchantment bound a glade
 Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay, 175
 Till up the welkin rose the day,
 Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
 But wot ye well his harder lot?
 His feely back the bunch has got
 Which Edwin lost afore. 180

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared;
 She softly strok'd my youngling head,
 And when the tale was done,
 " Thus some are born, my Son, (she cries)
 " With base impediments to rise, 185
 " And some are born with none.

- “ But Virtue can it self advance
“ To what the fav’rite fools of Chance
“ By Fortune seem’d design’d ;
“ Virtue can gain the odds of Fate, 190
“ And from it self shake off the weight
“ Upon th’ unworthy mind.” 192

THE VIGIL OF VENUS.

Written in the time of Julius Caesar, and by some ascribed to Catullus.

“LET those love now who never lov’d before;
“ Let those who always lov’d now love the more.”
The spring, the new, the warb’ling spring, appears,
The youthful season of reviving years.
In spring the Loves enkindle mutual heats, 5
The feather’d nation chuse their tuneful mates,
The trees grow fruitful with descending rain,
And dress’d in diff’ring greens adorn the plain.
She comes; to-morrow Beauty’s Empress roves
Thro’ walks that winding run within the groves; 10
She twines the shooting myrtle into bow’rs,
And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of flow’rs,
Then rais’d sublimely on her easy throne,
From Nature’s pow’rful dictates draws her own.

PERVIGILIUM VENERIS.

“CRAS amet qui numquam amavit;
“ Quique amavit cras amet.”
Ver novum, ver jam canorum : vere natus orbis est,
Vere concordant amores, vere nubent alites,
Et nemus comam resolvit de maritis imbribus.
Cras amorem copulatrix inter umbras arborum
Implicat gazas virentes de flagello myrteo.
Cras Dione jura dicit, fulta sublimi throno.

“ Let those love now who never lov'd before ; 15

“ Let those who always lov'd now love the more.”

'Twas on that day which saw the teeming flood
Swell round, impregnate with celestial blood ;

Wand'ring in circles stood the finny crew,

The midst was left a void expanse of blue, 20

There parent Ocean work'd with heaving throes,

And dropping wet the fair Dione rose.

“ Let those love now who never lov'd before ;

“ Let those who always lov'd now love the more.”

She paints the purple year with vary'd show, 25

Tips the green gem, and makes the blossom glow :

She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,

Expand to leaves, and shade the naked trees :

When gath'ring damps the misty nights diffuse,

She sprinkles all the morn with balmy dews ; 30

“ Cras amet qui numquam amavit ;

“ Quique amavit cras amet.”

Tunc liquore de superno, spumeo ponti e globø,

Cæulas inter catervas, inter et bipedes equos,

Fecit undantem Dionen de maritis imbribus.

“ Cras amet qui numquam amavit ;

“ Quique amavit cras amet.”

Ipsa gemmas purpurantem pingit annum floribus,

Ipsa sargentis papillas de Favonî spiritu,

Urguet in toros tepentes ; ipsa roris lucidi,

Noctis aura quem relinquit, spargit umentis aquas,

Bright trembling pearls depend at ev'ry spray,
 And, kept from falling, seem to fall away :
 A glossy freshness hence the rose receives,
 And blushes sweet through all her silken leaves ;
 (The drops descending through the silent night, 35
 While stars serenely roll their golden light)
 Close till the morn her humid veil she holds,
 Then deck'd with virgin pomp the flow'r unfolds.
 Soon will the morning blush ; ye Maids ! prepare,
 In rosy garlands bind your flowing hair ; 40
 'Tis Venus' plant ; the blood fair Venus shed
 O'er the gay beauty pour'd immortal red ;
 From Love's soft kiss a sweet ambrosial smell
 Was taught for ever on the leaves to dwell ;
 From gems, from flames, from orient rays of light
 The richest lustre makes her purple bright, 46
 And she to-morrow weds ; the sporting gale
 Unties her zone, she bursts the verdant veil :

Et micant lacrymæ trementes decidivo pondere.
 Gutta præceps orbe parvo sustinet casus suos.
 In pudorem florulentæ prodiderunt purpuræ.
 Umor ille, quem serenis astra rorant noctibus.
 Mane virgines papillas solvit umentis peplo.
 Ipsa jussit mane ut udxæ virgines nubant rosæ
 Fusæ prius de cruore deque amoris osculis,
 Deque gemmis, deque flammis, deque solis purpuris.

Thro' all her sweets the rising lover flies,
 And as he breathes her glowing fires arise. 50

“ Let those love now who never lov'd before;
 “ Let those who always lov'd now love the more.”

Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove
 Sends the gay nymphs, and sends her tender Love.
 And shall they venture? is it safe to go? 55
 While nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a bow?
 Yes, safely venture, 'tis his mother's will;
 He walks unarm'd, and undesigning ill,
 His torch extinct, his quiver useless hung,
 His arrows idle, and his bow unstrung: 60
 And yet, ye Nymphs! beware, his eyes have charms,
 And Love that's naked still is Love in arms.

Cras ruborum qui latebat veste tectus ignea,
 Unica marito nodo non pudebit solvere.

“ Cras amet qui numquam amavit;

“ Quique amavit cras amet.”

Ipfa Nymfas Diva luco jussit ire myrteo
 Et puer comes puellis. Nec tamen credi potest
 Esse Amorem feriatum, si sagittas vexerit.
 Ite Nymfæ: posuit arma, feriatuſ est Amor.
 Jussus est inermis ire, nudus ire jussus est:
 Neu quid arcu, neu sagitta, neu quid igne læderet.
 Sed tamen cavete Nymfæ, quod Cupido pulcher est;
 Totus est inermis idem, quando nudus est amor.

" Let those love now who never lov'd before ;
 " Let those who always lov'd now love the more."
 From Venus' bow'r to Delia's lodge repairs 65
 A virgin train, complete with modest airs :
 " Chaste Delia ! grant our suit ; or shun the wood,
 " Nor stain this sacred lawn with savage blood.
 " Venus, O Delia ! if she could persuade,
 " Would ask thy presence, might she ask a maid?" 70
 Here cheerful quires for three auspicious nights
 With songs prolong the pleasurable rites :
 Here crowds in measures lightly-decent rove,
 Or seek by pairs the covert of the grove,
 Where meeting greens for arbours arch above, 75
 And mingling flowrets strow the scenes of love :
 Here dancing Ceres shakes her golden sheaves ;
 Here Bacchus revels, deckt with viny leaves ;

" Cras amet qui numquam amavit ;
 " Quique amavit cras amet."

Compari Venus pudore mittit ad te virgines.
 Una res est quam rogamus, cede virgo Delia,
 Ut nemus sit incruentum de ferinis stragibus.
 Ipsa vellet ut venires, si deceret virginem :
 Jam tribus choros videres feriatos noctibus :
 Congreges inter catervas ire par saltus tuos,
 Floreas inter coronas, myrteas inter casae.
 Nec Ceres, nec Bacchus absunt, nec poetarum Deus ;

Here Wit's enchanting god, in laurel crown'd,
 Wakes all the ravish'd hours with silver sound. 80
 Ye Fields! ye Forests! own Dione's reign,
 And Delia, huntress Delia, shun the plain.
 " Let those love now who never lov'd before;
 " Let those who always lov'd now love the more."
 Gay with the bloom of all her opening year, 85
 The queen at Hybla bids her throne appear,
 And there presides; and there the fav'rite band
 (Her smiling Graces) share the great command.
 Now, beauteous Hybla! dress thy flow'ry beds
 With all the pride the lavish season sheds; 90
 Now all thy colours, all thy fragrance, yield,
 And rival Enna's aromatic field.
 To fill the presence of the gentle court,
 From ev'ry quarter rural nymphs resort,

Decinent et tota nox est pervigila cantibus.

Regnet in silvis Dione : tu recede Delia.

" Cras amet qui numquam amavit ;

" Quique amavit cras amet."

Iussit Hiblæis tribunal stare diva floribus.

Præfens ipsa jura dicit, adsederunt Gratæ.

Hibla totos funde flores quidquid annus adtulit.

*Hibla florum rumpe vestem, quantus Ænnae cam-
pus est.*

Ruris hic erunt puellæ, vel puellæ montium,

From woods, from mountains, from their humble vales,
From waters curling with the wanton gales. 96

Pleas'd with the joyful train, the laughing queen,
In circles seats them round the bank of green;
And, "Lovely Girls! (she whispers) guard your hearts,
"My boy, tho' stript of arms, abounds in arts."

"Let those love now who never lov'd before; 101

"Let those who always lov'd now love the more."

Let tender grafs in shaded alleys spread,
Let early flow'rs erect their painted head:
To-morrow's glory be to-morrow seen, 105
That day old Ether wedded Earth in green;
The Vernal Father bid the spring appear,
In clouds he coupled to produce the year,
The sap descending o'er her bosom ran,
And all the various sorts of soul began. 110

Quæque silvas, quæque lucos, quæque montes incolunt.
Jussit omnis adfidere pueri mater alitas,
Jussit et nudo puellas nil Amori credere.

"Cras amet qui numquam amavit;

"Quique amavit cras amet."

Et recentibus virentes ducat umbras floribus.
Cras erat qui primus æther copulavit nuptias,
Ut pater roris crearet vernis annum nubibus
In sinum maritus imber fluxit almæ conjugis,
Ut foetus immixtus omnis aleret magno corpore.

By wheels unknown to sight, by secret veins
 Distilling life, the fruitful goddess reigns,
 Through all the lovely realms of native day,
 Through all the circled land and circling sea,
 With fertile seed she fill'd the pervious earth, 115
 And ever fix'd the mystic ways of birth.

“ Let those love now who never lov'd before;
 “ Let those who always lov'd now love the more.”

'Twas she the parent to the Latian shore
 Through various dangers Troy's remainder bore :
 She won Lavinia for her warlike son, 121
 And winning her the Latian empire won :
 She gave to Mars the maid whose honour'd womb
 Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome :
 Decoy'd by shows, the Sabin dames she led, 125
 And taught our vig'rous youth the means to wed :

*Ipfa venas atque mentem permeante spiritu
 Intus occultis gubernat procreatrix viribus,
 Perque cœlum, perque terras, perque pontum subdi-
 Pervium sui tenorem seminali tramite [tum,
 Imbuit, jussitque mundum nosse nascendi vias.*

“ Cras amet qui numquam amavit ;

“ Quique amavit cras amet.”

*Ipfa Trojanos nepotes in Latino transtulit ;
 Ipfa Laurentem puellam conjugem nato dedit :
 Moxque Marti de facello dat pudicam virginem.
 Romuleas ipfa fecit cum Sabinis nuptias,*

Hence sprung the Romans, hence the race divine
Through which great Cæsar draws his Julian line.

“ Let those love now who never lov'd before;

“ Let those who always lov'd now love the more.”

In rural seats the soul of pleasure reigns, 131

The life of beauty fills the rural scenes;

Ev'n Love (if Fame the truth of Love declare)

Drew first the breathings of a rural air.

Some pleasing meadow pregnant Beauty prest, 135

She laid her infant on its flow'ry breast,

From Nature's sweets he sipp'd the fragrant dew,

He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew.

“ Let those love now who never lov'd before;

“ Let those who always lov'd now love the more.”

Now bulls o'er stalks of broom extend their sides,

Secure of favours from their lowing brides: 142

Unde Rames et Quirites, proque prole posterum
Romuli matrem crearet et nepotem Cæsarem.

“ Cras amet qui numquam amavit;

“ Quique amavit cras amet.”

Rura sæcundat voluptas : rura Venerem sentiunt.

Ipse Amor puer Dionæ rure natus dicitur.

Hunc ager cum parturiret, ipsa suscepit sine,

Ipsa florum delicatis educavit osculis.

“ Cras amet qui numquam amavit;

“ Quique amavit cras amet.”

Ecce, jam super genistas explicant tauri latus.

Now stately rams their fleecy comforts lead,
 Who bleating follow thro' the wand'ring shade ;
 And now the goddess bids the birds appear, 145
 Raise all their music, and salute the year :
 Then deep the swan begins, and deep the song
 Runs o'er the water where he sails along :
 While Philomeia tunes a treble strain,
 And from the poplar charms the list'ning plain, 150
 We fancy love express'd at ev'ry note,
 It melts, it warbles, in her liquid throat :
 Of barb'rous Tereus she complains no more,
 But sings for pleasure, as for grief before ;
 And still her graces rise, her airs extend, 155
 And all is silence till the Syren end.

How long in coming is my lovely Spring !
 And when shall I, and when the swallow, sing ?
 Sweet Philomela ! cease,—or here I sit,
 And silent lose my rapt'rous hour of wit. 160

Quisque tuus quo tenetur conjugali fœdere.
 Subter umbras cum maritis ecce balantum gregem.
 Et canoras non tacere Diva jussit alites.
 Jam loquaces ore rauco stagna cygni perstrepunt,
 Adsonat Terei puella subter umbram populi,
 Ut putas motus Amoris ore dici musico,
 Et neques queri sororem de marito barbaro.

Illa cantat : nos tacemus : quando ver venit meum ?
 Quando faciam ut celidon, ut tacere desinam ?

'Tis gone; the fit retires; the flames decay;
My tuneful Phœbus flies averse away.
His own Amycle thus, as stories run,
But once was silent, and that once undone.

“ Let those love now who never lov'd before; 165

“ Let those who always lov'd now love the more.”

*Perdidi Musam tacendo, nec me Phœbus respicit.
Sic Amyclas, cum tacerent, perdidit silentium.*

“ *Cras amet qui numquam amavit;*

“ *Quique amavit cras amet.*”

HOMER'S BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:

OR, THE
BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

IN THREE BOOKS.

NAMES OF THE FROGS.

Physignathus, one who swells his cheeks.
Pelus, a name from mud.
Hydromeduse, a ruler in the war.
Hypsiboas, a loud bawler. [ters.
Pelion, from mud.
Scutlaeus, called from the beets.
Polyphonus, a great babler.
Lymnocharis, one who loves the lake.
Crambophagus, a cabbage-eater.
Lymnisius, called from the lake.
Calaminthius, from the herb.
Hydrocharis, who loves the water.
Borborocates, who lies in the mud.
Prassophagus, an eater of garlick.
Pelusius, from mud.
Pelobates, who walks in the dirt.
Prassæus, called from garlick.
Craugasides, from croaking.

NAMES OF THE MICE.

Pfycarpax, one who plunders granaries.
Troxartas, a bread-eater.
Lychomile, a lickler of meal.
Pternotraftas, a bacon-eater.
Lychopinax, a lickler of dishes.
Embafichytros, a creeper into pots.
Lychenor, a name for licking.
Troglodytes, one who runs into holes.
Artophagus, who feeds on bread.
Tyroglyphus, a cheese-scooper.
Pternoglyphus, a bacon-scooper.
Pternophagus, a bacon-eater.
Cnissodioctes, one who follows the steam of kitchens.
Sitophagus, an eater of wheat.
Meridarpax, one who plunders his share.

BOOK I.

To fill my rising song with sacred fire,
Ye tuneful Nine, ye sweet celestial quire!
From Helicon's imbow'ring height repair,
Attend my labours, and reward my pray'r:

The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write, 5
 The springs of contest, and the fields of fight;
 How threat'ning Mice advanc'd with warlike grace,
 And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.
 Not louder tumults shook Olympus' tow'rs,
 When earth-born giants dar'd immortal pow'rs: 10
 Those equal acts an equal glory claim,
 And thus the Muse records the tale of fame.

Once on a time, fatigu'd and out of breath,
 And just escap'd the stretching claws of Death,
 A gentle Mouse, whom cats pursu'd in vain, 15
 Fled swift-of-foot across the neighb'ring plain,
 Hung o'er a brink his eager thirst to cool,
 And dipt his whiskers in the standing pool;
 When near a courteous Frog advanc'd his head,
 And from the waters hoarse-resounding said: 20
 "What art thou, Stranger! what the line you boast?
 "What chance hast cast thee panting on our coast?
 "With strictest truth let all thy words agree,
 "Nor let me find a faithless Mouse in thee.
 "If worthy friendship, proffer'd friendship take, 25
 "And ent'ring view the pleasurable lake;
 "Range o'er my palace, in my bounty share,
 "And glad return from hospitable fare.
 "This silver realm extends beneath my sway,
 "And me, their monarch, all its Frogs obey. 30
 "Great Physignathus I! from Peleus' race,
 "Begot in fair Hydromede's embrace,

“ Where by the nuptial bank that paints his side,
 “ The swift Eridanus delights to glide. 34
 “ Thee, too, thy form, thy strength, and port, pro-
 “ A sceptred king; a son of martial fame; [claim
 “ Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes.”
 Thus ceas'd the Frog, and thus the Mouse replies :
 “ Known to the gods, the men, the birds that fly
 “ Thro' wild expanses of the midway sky, 40
 “ My name resounds, and if unknown to thee,
 “ The soul of great Psycarpax lives in me.
 “ Of brave Troxartas' line, whose sleeky down
 “ In love compress'd Lychomilè the brown.
 “ My mother she, and princess of the plains 45
 “ Where'er her father Pternotrac̄tas reigns;
 “ Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,
 “ With figs, with nuts, with vary'd dainties, fed :
 “ But since our natures nought in common know,
 “ From what foundation can a friendship grow? 50
 “ These curling waters o'er thy palace roll,
 “ But man's high food supports my princely soul.
 “ In vain the circled loaves attempt to lie
 “ Conceal'd in flasks from my curious eye ;
 “ In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue, 55
 “ In vain the gilded bacon, shuns my view;
 “ In vain the cheefes, offspring of the paille,
 “ Or honey'd cakes, which gods themselves regale.
 “ And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,
 “ Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to flight. 60

" Tho' large to mine the human form appear,
 " Not man himself can smite my soul with fear.
 " Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,
 " Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
 " And fix indented wounds with dex'trous skill; 65
 " Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel.
 " Yet have we foes which direful dangers cause,
 " Grim owls, with talons arm'd, and cats with claws,
 " And that false trap, the den of silent Fate,
 " Where Death his ambush plants around the bait: 70
 " All-dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest
 " The potent warriors of the tabby vest;
 " If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
 " And rend our heroes of the nibbling race;
 " But me nor stalks nor watrish herbs delight, 75
 " Nor can the crimson radish charm my sight,
 " The lake-resounding Frogs' selected fare,
 " Which not a Mouse of any taste can bear."

As thus the downy prince his mind exprest,
 His answer thus the croaking king addrest. 80

" Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
 " And, Stranger, we can boast of bounteous Jove:
 " We sport in water, or we dance on land,
 " And, born amphibious, food from both command:
 " But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view, 85
 " And safely tempt those seas, I'll bear thee thro':
 " Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,
 " And reach my marshy court, and feast in state."

He said, and bent his back; with nimble bound
 Leaps the light Mouse, and clasps his arms around, 90
 Then wond'ring stotes, and sees with glad survey
 The winding banks resembling ports at sea;
 But when aloft the curling water rides,
 And wets with azure wave his downy sides,
 His thoughts grow conscious of approaching woe, 95
 His idle tears with vain repentance flow,
 His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
 Thick beats his heart with unaccustom'd fears;
 He sighs, and, chill'd with danger, longs for shore;
 His tail extended forms a fruitless oar; 100
 Half-drench'd in liquid death his pray'rs he spake,
 And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake.

" So pass'd Europa thro' the rapid sea,
 " Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous way;
 " With oary feet the bull triumphant rode, 105
 " And safe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.
 " Ah! safe at last, may thus the Frog support
 " My trembling limbs to reach his ample court."

As thus he sorrows, death ambiguous grows;
 Lo! from the deep a water-hydra rose; 110
 He rolls his sanguin'd eyes, his bosom heaves,
 And darts with active rage along the waves.
 Confus'd, the monarch sees his hissing foe,
 And dives, to shun the sable fates, below.
 Forgetful Frog! the friend thy shoulders bore, 115
 Unskill'd in swimming, stotes remote from shore.

He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,
 Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;
 Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,
 And sinks, and strives, but strives with Fate in vain;
 The weighty moisture clogs his hairy vest, 121
 And thus the Prince his dying rage express.

“Northou, that sling’st me flound’ring from thy back,
 “As from hard rocks rebounds the shatt’ring wrack,
 “Nor thou shalt ’scape thy due, perfidious King! 125
 “Pursu’d by vengeance on the swiftest wing.
 “At land thy strength could never equal mine;
 “At sea to conquer, and by craft, was thine;
 “But heav’n has gods, and gods have searching eyes.
 “Ye Mice! ye Mice! my great avengers rise.” 130

This said, he sighing gasp’d, and gasping dy’d.

His death the young Lychopinax espy’d,
 As on the flow’ry brink he pass’d the day,
 Bask’d in the beams, and loiter’d life away:
 Loud shrieks the Mouse, his shrieks the shores repeat;
 The nibbling nation learn their hero’s fate; 136
 Grief, dismal grief, ensues; deep murmurs found,
 And shriller fury fills the deafen’d ground:
 From lodge to lodge the sacred heralds run,
 To fix their council with the rising sun; 140
 Where great Troxartas crown’d in glory reigns,
 And winds his length’ning court beneath the plains:
 Pfyarpax’ father, father now no more!
 For poor Pfyarpax lies remote from shore;

Supine he lies, the silent waters stand,
And no kind billow wafts the dead to land! 146

BOOK II.

WHEN rosy-finger'd Morn had ting'd the clouds,
Around their monarch-Mouse the nation crowds ;
Slow rose the sov'reign, heav'd his anxious breast,
And thus the council, fill'd with rage, address.

“ For lost Pſycarpax much my soul endures ; 5
“ 'Tis mine the private grief, the public yours.
“ Three warlike sons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
“ Three sons, alas ! before their father dead :
“ Our eldest perish'd by the rav'ning cat,
“ As near my court the prince unheedful fate ; 10
“ Our next an engine fraught with danger drew,
“ The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view ;
“ Dire arts assist the trap, the Fates decoy,
“ And men unpitying kill'd my gallant boy !
“ The last, his country's hope, his parents' pride, 15
“ Plung'd in the lake by Phylagnathus, dy'd.
“ Rouse all the war, my Friends ! avenge the deed,
“ And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed.”

His words in ev'ry breast inspir'd alarms,
And careful Mars supply'd their host with arms. 20
In verdant hulls, despoil'd of all their beans,
The buskin'd warriors stalk'd along the plains :
Quills aptly bound their bracing corselet made,
Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they slay'd ;

The lamp's round boss affords their ample shield; 25
 Large shells of nuts their cov'ring helmet yield,
 And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
 Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze.

Dreadful in arms the marching Mice appear;
 The wond'ring Frogs perceive the tumult near, 30

For sake the waters, thick'ning form a ring,
 And ask and hearken whence the noises spring.

When near the crowd, disclos'd to public view,
 The valiant chief Embasichytos drew;

The sacred herald's sceptre grac'd his hand, 35
 And thus his words express'd his king's command.

“ Ye Frogs! the Mice, with vengeance fir'd, advance;

“ And, deck'd in armour, shake the shining lance;

“ Their hapless prince by Physignathus slain,

“ Extends incumbent on the watry plain; 40

“ Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try;

“ Lead forth those Frogs that have the soul to die.”

The chief retires, the crowd the challenge hear,

And proudly-swelling, yet perplex'd appear;

Much they resent, yet much their monarch blame, 45

Who rising, spoke to clear his tainted fame.

“ O Friends! I never forc'd the Mouse to death,

“ Nor saw the gaspings of his latest breath;

“ He, vain of youth, our art of swimming try'd,

“ And vent'rous, in the lake the wanton dy'd. 50

“ To vengeance now by false appearance led,

“ They point their anger at my guiltless head,

" But wage the rising war by deep device,
 " And turn its fury on the crafty Mice.
 " Your king directs the way ; my thoughts, elate 55
 " With hopes of conquest, form designs of fate.
 " Where high the banks their verdant surface heave,
 " And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,
 " There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,
 " Sustain the first impetuous shocks of fight ; 60
 " Then where the dancing feather joins the crest,
 " Let each brave Frog his obvious Mouse arrest ;
 " Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a foe,
 " Till countless circles whirl the lake below :
 " Down sink the Mice in yielding waters drown'd, 65
 " Loud flash the waters, and the shores resound ;
 " The Frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
 " And raise their glorious trophies of the slain."

He spake no more ; his prudent scheme imparts
 Redoubling ardour to the boldest hearts. 70

Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,
 Around their legs the greaves of mallows close ;
 Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,
 And green the colewort which the target made :
 Form'd of the vary'd shells the waters yield, 75
 Their glossy helmets glist'ned o'er the field ;
 And tap'ring sea-reeds for the polish'd spear,
 With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.
 Thus dress'd for war, they take th' appointed height,
 Poize the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight. 80

But now, where Jove's irradiate spires arise,
 With stars furrounded in ethereal skies,
 (A solemn council call'd) the brazen gates
 Unbar ; the gods assume their golden seats :
 The fire superior leans, and points to show 85
 What wond'rous combats mortals wage below :
 How strong, how large, the num'rous heroes stride!
 What length of lance they shake with warlike pride!
 What eager fire their rapid march reveals!
 So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales; 90
 And so confirm'd the daring Titans rose,
 Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the gods be foes.

This seen, the pow'r his sacred visage rears,
 He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,
 And asks what heav'nly guardians take the list, 95
 Or who the Mice, or who the Frogs, assist ?

Then thus to Pallas. " If my daughter's mind
 " Have join'd the Mice, why stays she still behind ?
 " Drawn forth by fav'ry steams they wind their way,
 " And sure attendance round thine altar pay, 100
 " Where while the victims gratify their taste,
 " They sport to please the-goddeffs of the feast."

Thus spake the ruler of the spacious skies;
 But thus, resolv'd, the blue-ey'd maid replies.
 " In vain, my Father! all their dangers plead, 105
 " To such thy Pallas never grants her aid :
 " My flow'ry wreaths they petulantly spoil,
 " And rob my crystal lamps of feeding oil ;

“ (Ills following ill!) but what afflicts me more,
 “ My veil that idle race profanely tore: 110
 “ The web was curious, wrought with art divine;
 “ Relentless Wretches! all the work was mine!
 “ Along the loom the purple warp I spread,
 “ Cast the light shoot, and cross'd the silver thread;
 “ In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear, 115
 “ The thousand breaches skilful hands repair,
 “ For which vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve,
 “ (The gods, that use no coin, have none to give,
 “ And learning's goddesses never less can owe,
 “ Neglected learning gains no wealth below.) 120
 “ Nor let the Frogs to win my succour sue;
 “ Those clam'rous fools have lost my favour too:
 “ For late, when all the conflicts ceas'd at night,
 “ When my stretch'd sinews work'd with eager fight;
 “ When, spent with glorious toil, I left the field, 125
 “ And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield,
 “ Lo, from the deep, repelling sweet repose,
 “ With noisy croakings half the nation rose:
 “ Devoid of rest, with akeing brows I lay,
 “ Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day. 130
 “ Let all, like me, from either host forbear,
 “ Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear,
 “ Lest heav'nly blood (or what for blood may flow)
 “ Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe. 134
 “ Some daring Mouse may meet the wondrous odds,
 “ Tho' gods oppose, and brave the wounded gods:

“ O'er gilded clouds reclin'd the danger view,
 “ And be the wars of mortal scenes for you.”

So mov'd the blue-cy'd Queen; her words persuade,
 Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd. 140

B O O K III.

Now front to front the marching armies shine,
 Halt ere they meet, and form the length'ning line:
 The chiefs conspicuous seen, and heard afar,
 Give the loud signal to the rushing war;
 Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornetsound,
 The sounded charge remurmurs o'er the ground; 6
 Ev'n Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
 And rolls low thunder thro' the troubled sky.

First to the fight the large Hypsiboas flew,
 And brave Lychenor with a javelin flew: 10
 The luckless warrior, fill'd with gen'rous flame,
 Stood foremost glitt'ring in the post of fame,
 When in his liver struck the jav'lin hung,
 The Mouse fell thund'ring, and the target rung;
 Prone to the ground he sinks his closing eye, 15
 And soil'd in dust his lovely tresses lie.

A spear at Pelion Troglodytes cast,
 The missive spear within the bosom past;
 Death's sable shades the fainting Frog surround,
 And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound. 20
 Embasichytros felt Scutlæus' dart
 Transfix and quiver in his panting heart;

But great Artophagus aveng'd the slain,
And big Scutlæus tumbling loads the plain:
And Polyphonus dies, a Frog renown'd 23
For boastful speech and turbulence of sound;
Deep thro' the belly pierc'd, supine he lay,
And breath'd his soul against the face of day.

The strong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire
A victor triumph and a friend expire, 30
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought,
(A warrior vers'd in arts of sure retreat,
But arts in vain elude impending fate)
Full on his sinewy neck the fragment fell, 35
And o'er his eyelids clouds eternal dwell.

Lychenor (second of the glorious name)
Striding advanc'd, and took no wand'ring aim;
Thro' all the Frog the shining jav'lin flies,
And near the vanquish'd Mouse the victor dies. 40

The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affrights,
Long bred to banquets, less inur'd to fights;
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,
And wildly flound'ring flashes up the deep;
Lychenor following with a downward blow, 45
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;
Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood
Distains the surface of the silver flood;
Thro' the wide wound the rushing entrails throng,
And slow the breathless carcass flotes along. 50

Lymnifius good Tyroglyphus affails,
 Prince of the Mice that haunt the flow'ry vales ;
 Loft to the milky fares and rural feat,
 He came to perish on the bank of Fate.

The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight, 55
 Which tender Calaminthius shuns by flight ;
 Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,
 Glides thro' the lake, and safely dives below ;
 But dire Pternophagus divides his way
 Thro' breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day. 60
 No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceness more,
 His parents fed him on the savage boar ;
 But where his lance the field with blood imbru'd,
 Swift as he mov'd Hydrocharis pursu'd,
 Till fall'n in death he lies ; a shatt'ring stone 65
 Sounds on the neck, and crushes all the bone ;
 His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
 And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain.

Lychopinax with Borborocates fights,
 A blameless Frog, whom humbler life delights ; 70
 The fatal jav'lin unrelenting flies,
 And darkness seals the gentle croaker's eyes.

Incens'd Prassophagus with spritely bound
 Bears Cnissodioctes off the rising ground,
 Then drags him o'er the lake depriv'd of breath, 75
 And downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.
 But now the great Pfyecarpax shines afar,
 (Scarce he so great whose loss provok'd the war)

Swift to revenge his fatal jav'lin fled,
 And thro' the liver struck Pelusius dead; 80
 His freckled corpse before the victor fell,
 His soul indignant sought the shades of hell.

This saw Pelobates, and from the flood
 Heav'd with both hands a monstrous mass of mud;
 The cloud obscene o'er all the hero flies, 85
 Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes:
 Enrag'd, and wildly sputt'ring, from the shore
 A stone immense of size the warrior bore,
 A load for lab'ring earth, (whose bulk to raise
 Asks ten degen'rate Mice of modern days) 90
 Full on the leg arrives the crushing wound;
 The Frog-supportless writhes upon the ground.

Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force,
 Till loud Craugasides arrests his course:
 Hoarse-croaking threats precede; with fatal speed 95
 Deep thro' the belly run the pointed reed,
 Then strongly tugg'd, return'd imbru'd with gore,
 And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.

The lame Sitophagus, oppress'd with pain,
 Creeps from the desp'rate dangers of the plain; 100
 And where the ditches rising weeds supply
 To spread their lowly shades beneath the sky,
 There lurks the silent Mouse reliev'd from heat,
 And, safe embower'd, avoids the chance of Fate.

But here Troxartas, Phylagnathus there, 105
 Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear;

But where the foot around its ankle plies,
 Troxartas wounds, and Physignathus flies,
 Halts to the pool, a safe retreat to find,
 And trails a dangling length of leg behind; 110
 The Mouse still urges, still the Frog retires,
 And half in anguish of the flight expires.

Then pious ardour young Prassæus brings
 Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings;
 Lank, harmless Frog! with forces hardly grown, 115
 He darts the reed in combats not his own,
 Which faintly tinkling on Troxartas' shield,
 Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.

Now nobly tow'ring o'er the rest appears
 A gallant prince, that far transcends his years, 120
 Pride of his sire, and glory of his house,
 And more a Mars in combat than a Mouse;
 His action bold, robust his ample frame,
 And Meridarpax his resounding name.
 The warrior, singled from the fighting crowd, 125
 Boasts the dire honours of his arms aloud;
 Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,
 To all its nations threats approaching fate:
 And such his strength, the silver lakes around
 Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground: 130
 But pow'rful Jove, who shews no less his grace
 To Frogs that perish than to human race,
 Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,
 And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole;

Then thus to all the gazing pow'rs began 135

The fire of gods, and Frogs, and Mice, and man.

“ What seas of blood I view! what worlds of slain!

“ An Iliad rising from a day's campaign!

“ How fierce his jav'lin o'er the trembling lakes

“ The black-furr'd hero Meridarpax shakes! 140

“ Unless some fav'ring deity descend,

“ Soon will the Frogs' loquacious empire end.

“ Let dreadful Pallas, wing'd with pity, fly,

“ And make her ægis blaze before his eye,

“ While Mars refulgent on his rattling car 145

“ Arrests his raging rival of the war.”

He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,

When thus the glorious god of combats said:

“ Nor Pallas, Jove, tho' Pallas take the field

“ With all the terrors of her hissing shield, 150

“ Nor Mars himself, tho' Mars in armour bright

“ Ascend his car, and wheel amidst the fight;

“ Not these can drive the desp'rate Mouse afar,

“ Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war;

“ Let all go forth, all heav'n in arms arise, 155

“ Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies;

“ Such ardent bolts as flew that wondrous day,

“ When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay,

“ When all the giant-race enormous fell,

“ And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell.” 160

'Twas thus th' armipotent advis'd the gods,

When from his throne the Cloud-compeller nods;

Deep length'ning thunders run from pole to pole,
 Olympus trembles as the thunders roll:
 Then swift he whirls the brandish'd bolt around, 165
 And headlong darts it at the distant ground;
 The bolt discharg'd, inwrapp'd with lightning, flies,
 And rends its flaming passage thro' the skies,
 Then earth's inhabitants, the Nibblers, shake,
 And Frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake: 170
 Yet still the Mice advance their dread design,
 And the last danger threatens the croaking line,
 Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loss they bore,
 With strange assistants fill'd the frighted shore. 174
 Pour'd from the neighb'ring strand, deform'd to
 They march, a sudden unexpected crew! [view,
 Strong suits of armour round their bodies close,
 Which like thick anvils blunt the force of blows;
 In wheeling marches turn'd oblique they go;
 With harpy claws their limbs divide below; 180
 Fell sheers the passage to their mouth command;
 From out the flesh their bones by nature stand;
 Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders rise;
 Unnumber'd joints distort their lengthen'd thighs;
 With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd: 185
 Their round black eyeballs in their bosom plac'd;
 On eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread,
 And either end alike supplies a head:
 These mortal wits to call the Crabs agree;
 The gods have other names for things than we. 190

Now where the jointures from their loins depend,
The heroes' tails with sev'ring grasps they rend;
Here short of feet, depriv'd the pow'r to fly,
There without hands, upon the field they lie:
Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all around,
The bended lances heap the cumber'd ground. 196
Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,
And mad confusion thro' their host appear;
O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below. 200
But down Olympus to the western seas
Far-shooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays,
And a whole war (so Jove ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving sun. 204

Part of the first Canto of

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AND now unveil'd, the toilette stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.

A heav'nly image in the glass appears, 5
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears :
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.

A translation of part of the first Canto of

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Into Leonine verse, after the manner of the ancient Monks.

ER nunc dilectum speculum, pro more reiectum,
Emicat in mensâ, quæ splendet pyxide densâ :
Tum primum lymphâ, se purgat candida Nymphâ ;
Jamque sine mendâ, cœlestis imago videnda,
Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.
Hâc stupet explorans, seu cultus numen adorans.
Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,

Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
 The various off'rings of the world appear; 10
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The tortoise here and elephant unite, 15
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
 Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms,
 The fair each moment rises in her charms, 20

Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque superbia! lautè,
 Dona venusta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
 Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
 Pyxide devotâ, se pandit hic India tota,
 Et tota ex istâ transpirat Arabia cistâ;
 Testudo hic flectit, dum se mea Lesbia peçtit;
 Atque elephas lentè, te peçtit Lesbia dente;
 Hunc maculis nôris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
 Hic jacet et mundè, mundus muliebris abundè;
 Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
 Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore.
 Induit arma ergo, Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
 Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens;

Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy Sylphs surround their darling care, 25
 These set the head, and those divide the hair ;
 Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown,
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own. 28

Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratiâ visûs,
 Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu.
 Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura gliscet,
 Et geminans bellis splendet magè fulgor ocellis.
 Stant lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique salutis,
 Hic figit Zonam, capiti locat ille coronam,
 Hæc manicis formam, plicis datet altera normam :
 Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty !
 Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum.

AN ELEGY.

TO AN OLD BEAUTY.

IN vain, poor Nymph! to please our youthful sight,
You sleep in cream and frontlets all the night,
Your face with patches foil, with paint repair,
Dress with gay gowns, and shade with foreign hair :
If truth in spite of manners must be told, 5
Why, really fifty-five is something old.

Once you were young, or one, whose life's so long
She might have born my mother, tells me wrong :
And once (since Envy's dead before you die)
The women own you play'd a sparkling eye, 10
Taught the light foot a modish little trip,
And pouted with the prettiest purple lip.——

To some new charmer are the roses fled,
Which blew to damask all thy cheek with red ;
Youth calls the Graces there to fix their reign, 15
And airs by thousands fill their easy train.
So parting Summer bids her flow'ry prime
Attend the sun to dress some foreign clime,
While with'ring seasons in succession, here,
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year. 20

But thou (since Nature bids) the world resign,
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to shine ;
With more address, (or such as pleases more)
She runs her female exercises o'er,

Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the fan, 25
 And smiles, or blushes, at the creature Man :
 With quicker life, as gilded coaches pass,
 In sideling courtesy she drops the glass :
 With better strength, on visit-days, she bears
 To mount her fifty flights of ample stairs. 30
 Her mien, her shape, her temper, eyes, and tongue,
 Are sure to conquer,—for the rogue is young ;
 And all that's madly wild or oddly gay,
 We call it only pretty Fanny's way. 34

Let time, that makes you homely, make you sage ;
 The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.
 'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
 And hears the flatt'ring tongues of soft desire,
 If not from virtue, from its gravest ways
 The soul with pleasing avocation strays ; 40
 But beauty gone 'tis easier to be wise,
 As harpers better by the loss of eyes.

Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,
 Haunt less the plays, and more the public pray'rs ;
 Reject the Mechlin head and gold brocade, 45
 Go pray, in sober Norwich crape array'd.
 Thy pendent di'monds let thy Fanny take,
 (Their trembling lustre shows how much you shake)
 Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl,
 You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl. 50
 So for the rest, with less incumbrance hung,
 You walk thro' life unmingled with the young,

And view the shade and substance as you pass,
With joint endeavour trifling at the glass,
Or Folly dress'd, and rambling all her days, 55
To meet her counterpart, and grow by praise;
Yet still sedate your self, and gravely plain,
You neither fret nor envy at the vain.

'Twas thus (if man with woman we compare)
The wise Athenian cross'd a glittering fair; 60
Unmov'd by tongues and sights he walk'd the place,
Thro' tape, toys, tinsel, gimp, perfume, and lace,
Then bends from Mars's Hill his awful eyes,
And "what a world I never want?" he cries;
But cries unheard; for Folly will be free; 65
So parts the buzzing gaudy crowd and he:
As careless he for them as they for him;
He wrapt in wisdom, and they whirl'd by whim. 68

THE BOOK-WORM.

COME hither, Boy! we'll hunt to-day
The Book-worm, ravening beast of prey,
Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds
(As Fame reports it) with the gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives 5
Against a thousand authors' lives:
Thro' all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his head with clust'ring eyes,
With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin. 10
Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of Fancy go
To tear some modern wretch below;
On ev'ry corner fix thine eye, 15
Or ten to one he slips thee by.
See where his teeth a passage eat;
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
But who the shelter's forc'd to give?
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live! 20
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along,
He mounts the gilded edge before,
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er;
He turns, he doubles; there he past, 25
And here we have him caught at last.

Infatiate Brute ! whose teeth abuse
 The sweetest servants of the Muse.
 (Nay, never offer to deny,
 I took thee in the fact to fly.) 30
 His roses nipt in ev'ry page,
 My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage ;
 By thee my Ovid wounded lies ;
 By thee my Lesbia's Sparrow dies ;
 Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd 35
 The work of Love in Biddy Floyd ;
 They rent Belinda's locks away,
 And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
 For all, for ev'ry single deed,
 Relentless Justice bids thee bleed. 40
 Then fall a victim to the Nine,
 Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.
 Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso, near,
 To pile a sacred altar here.
 Hold, Boy ! thy hand out-runs thy wit, 45
 You reach'd the plays that D——s writ ;
 You reach'd me Ph——s rustic strain ;
 Pray take your mortal bards again.
 Come, bind the victim——There he lies,
 And here between his num'rous eyes 50
 This venerable dust I lay,
 From manuscripts just swept away.
 The goblet in my hand I take,
 (For the libation's yet to make)

A health to Poets ! all their days 55
 May they have bread as well as praise ;
 Sense may they seek, and less engage
 In papers fill'd with party-rage ;
 But if their riches spoil their vein,
 Ye Muses ! make them poor again. 60

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
 With which my tuneful pens are made.
 I strike the scales that arm thee round,
 And twice and thrice I print the wound ;
 The sacred altar flotes with red, 65
 And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the son of Jove I stand,
 This hydra stretch'd beneath my hand !
 Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
 To see what dangers threat the year : 70
 Ye Gods ! what Sonnets on a wench !
 What lean Translations out of French !
 'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,
 S—— prints before the months go round.

But hold, before I close the scene, 75
 The sacred altar should be clean.
 Oh! had I Sh——ll's second bays,
 Or, T—— ! thy pert and humble lays,
 (Ye Pair ! forgive me when I vow
 I never mis'd your Works till now) 80
 I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine,
 (That only way you please the Nine)

But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of D——y do.

Rent from the corpse, on yonder pin 85
I hang the scales that brac'd it in ;
I hang my studious morning gown,
And write my own inscription down.

“ This trophy, from the Python won,
“ This robe, in which the deed was done, 90
“ These Parnell, glorying in the feat,
“ Hung on these shelves, the Muses' seat.
“ Here Ignorance and Hunger found
“ Large realms of wit to ravage round ;
“ Here Ignorance and Hunger fell ; 95
“ Two foes in one I sent to hell.
“ Ye Poets ! who my labours see,
“ Come share the triumph all with me :
“ Ye Critics ! born to vex the Muse,
“ Go mourn the grand ally you lose.” 100

AN ALLEGORY ON MAN.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care,
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have call'd him too)
With fine mechanic genius wrought, 5
And lov'd to work, tho' no one bought.

This being, by a model bred
In Jove's eternal fable head,
Contriv'd a shape impower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath. 10

The man rose staring, like a stake,
Wond'ring to see himself awake!
Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The bus'ness he was made to do,
That pleas'd to see with what a grace 15
He gravely shew'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a poet's god, 20
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
And Mother Earth's oblig'd to quake)
He saw old Mother Earth arise,
She stood confess'd before his eyes,
But not with what we read she wore, 25
A castle for a crown before,

Nor with long streets and longer roads,
 Dangling behind her like commodes :
 As yet with wreaths alone she drest,
 And trail'd a landscape-painted vest ; 30
 Then thrice she rais'd, (as Ovid said)
 And thrice she bow'd, her weighty head.

Her honours made, " Great Jove," she cry'd,
 " This thing was fashion'd from my side ;
 " His hands, his heart, his head, are mine, 35
 " Then what hast thou to call him thine,"
 " Nay rather ask," the monarch said,
 " What boots his hand, his heart, his head ?
 " Were what I gave remov'd away,
 " Thy part's an idle shape of clay." 40

" Halves, more than halves," cry'd honest Care,
 " Your pleas would make your titles fair ;
 " You claim the body, you the soul,
 " But I who join'd them claim the whole."

Thus with the gods debate began 45
 On such a trivial cause as Man.

" And can celestial tempers rage?"

Quoth Virgil, in a latter age.

As thus they wrangled, Time came by ;
 (There's none that paint him such as I, 50
 For what the fabling Ancients sung
 Makes Saturn old when Time was young.)
 As yet his winters had not shed
 Their silver honours on his head ;

He just had got his pinions free 55
 From his old fire Eternity.

A serpent girdled round he wore,
 The tail within the mouth before,
 By which our almanacs are clear
 That learned Egypt meant the year. 60

A staff he carry'd, where on high
 A glass was fix'd to measure by,
 As amber boxes made a show
 For heads of canes an age ago,
 His vest, for day and night, was py'd, 65

A bending sickle arm'd his side,
 And Spring's new months his train adorn ;
 The other seasons were unborn.

Known by the gods, as near he draws,
 They make him umpire of the cause. 70

O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
 (Where since his hours a dial made)
 Then leaning heard the nice debate,
 And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate.

“ Since body from the parent Earth, 75
 “ And soul from Jove, receiv'd a birth,
 “ Return they where they first began ;
 “ But since their union makes the man,
 “ Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
 “ To Care, who join'd them, Man is due.” 80

He said, and sprung with swift career
 To trace a circle for the year ;

Where ever since the seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.

“ 'Tis well,” said Jove; and for consent 85
Thund'ring he shook the firmament.
“ Our umpire Time shall have his way,
“ With Care I let the creature stay :
“ Let bus'ness vex him, av'rice blind,
“ Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind ; 90
“ Let Error act, Opinion speak,
“ And Want afflict, and Sickness break,
“ And anger burn, Dejection chill,
“ And Joy distract, and Sorrow kill ;
“ Till arm'd by Care, and taught to mow, 95
“ Time draws the long destructive blow,
“ And wasted man, whose quick decay
“ Comes hurrying on before his day,
“ Shall only find, by this decree,
“ The soul flies sooner back to me.” 100

AN IMITATION OF
SOME FRENCH VERSES.

RELENTLESS Time! destroying pow'r
Whom stone and brass obey,
Who giv'ft to ev'ry flying hour
To work some new decay;

Unheard, unheeded, and unfeen, 5
Thy fecret faps prevail,
And ruin man, a nice machine,
By Nature form'd to fail.

My change arrives: the change I meet
Before I thought it nigh: 10
My fpring, my years of pleafure fleet,
And all their beauties die.

In age I fearch, and only find
A poor unfruitful gain,
Grave Wifdom ftalking flow behind, 15
Opprefs'd with loads of pain.

My ignorance could once beguile,
And fancy'd joys infpire;
My errors cherifh'd Hope to fmile
On newly-born Defire: 20

But now experience shews the blifs
 For which I fondly fought
 Not worth the long impatient wish
 And ardour of the thought.

My youth met Fortune fair array'd, 25
 (In all her pomp she shone)
 And might, perhaps, have well essay'd
 To make her gifts my own :

But when I saw the blessings show'r
 On some unworthy mind, 30
 I left the chace, and own'd the pow'r
 Was justly painted blind.

I pass'd the glories which adorn
 The splendid courts of kings,
 And while the persons mov'd my scorn, 35
 I rose to scorn the things.

My manhood felt a vig'rous fire,
 By love increas'd the more ;
 But years with coming years conspire
 To break the chains I wore. 40

In weakness safe, the sex I see
 With idle lustre shine ;
 For what are all their joys to me,
 Which cannot now be mine ?

But hold—I feel my gout decrease, 45
 My troubles laid to rest ;
 And truths which would disturb my peace
 Are painful truths at best.

Vainly the time I have to roll
 In sad reflection flies ; 50
 Ye fondling Passions of my soul !
 Ye sweet Deceits ! arise.

I wisely change the scene within
 To things that us'd to please ;
 In pain philosophy is spleen,
 In health 'tis only ease. 56

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light
 No more I waste the wakeful night,
 Intent with endless view to pore
 The schoolmen and the sages o'er ;
 Their books from wisdom widely stray, 5
 Or point at best the longest way :
 I'll seek a readier path, and go
 Where wisdom's surely taught below.
 How deep yon' azure dies the sky !
 Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie, 10

While thro' their ranks, in silver pride,
 The nether crescent seems to glide.
 The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
 The lake is smooth and clear beneath ;
 Where once again the spangled show 15
 Descends to meet our eyes below,
 The grounds which on the right aspire,
 In dimness from the view retire ;
 The left presents a place of graves, ✓
 Whose wall the silent water laves. 20
 That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
 Among the livid gleams of night ;
 There pass, with melancholy state,
 By all the solemn heaps of Fate,
 And think, as softly-sad you tread 25
 Above the venerable dead,
 " Time was like thee they life possess,
 " And time shall be that thou shalt rest."
 Those graves, with bending osier bound,
 That nameless heave the crumbled ground, 30
 Quick to the glancing thought disclose
 Where Toil and Poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
 The chissel's slender help to fame,
 (Which ere our sett of friends decay 35
 Their frequent steps may wear away)
 A middle race of mortals own,
 Men half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
 Whose dead in vaulted arches lie, 40
 Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
 Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
 These (all the poor remains of state)
 Adorn the rich or praise the great,
 Who while on earth in fame they live, 45
 Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze pale Cynthia fades,
 The bursting earth unveils the shades!
 All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,
 They rise in visionary crowds, 50
 And all with sober accent cry,
 "Think, Mortal! what it is to die."

Now from yon' black and fun'ral yew,
 That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
 Methinks I hear a voice begin; 55
 (Ye Ravens! cease your croaking din;
 Ye tolling Clocks! no time resound
 O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
 It sends a peal of hollow groans,
 Thus speaking from among the bones. 60

"When men my scythe and darts supply,
 "How great a king of fears am I!
 "They view me like the last of things;
 "They make, and then they dread, my stings.
 "Fools! if you less provok'd your fears, 65
 "No more my spectre-form appears.

" Death's but a path that must be trod,
 " If man would ever pass to God;
 " A port of calms, a state of ease
 " From the rough rage of swelling seas." } 70

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
 Deep pendent cypresses, mourning poles,
 Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
 Long palls, drawn herbes, cover'd steeds,
 And plumes of black, that, as they tread, } 75
 Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,
 Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe.
 As men who long in prison dwell,
 With lamps that glimmer round the cell, } 80
 Whene'er their suff'ring years are run,
 Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun;
 Such joy, tho' far transcending sense,
 Have pious souls at parting hence.

On earth, and in the body plac'd, } 85
 A few and evill years they waste;
 But when their chains are cast aside,
 See the glad scene unfolding wide,
 Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
 And mingle with the blaze of day. } 90

THE HORSE AND THE OLIVE.

WITH moral tale let ancient wisdom move,
Whilst thus I sing to make the Moderns wise ;
Strong Neptune once with sage Minerva strove,
And rising Athens was the victor's prize.

By Neptune Plutus, (guardian pow'r of gain) 5
By great Minerva bright Apollo stood ;
But Jove superior bade the side obtain
Which best contriv'd to do the nation good.

Then Neptune striking, from the parted ground
The warlike Horse came pawing on the plain, 10
And as it toss'd its mane and pranc'd around,
" By this," he cries, " I'll make the people reign."

The goddess, smiling, gently bow'd her spear,
" And rather thus they shall be blest'd," she said :
Then upwards shooting in the vernal air, 15
With loaded boughs the fruitful Olive spread.

Jove saw what gift the rural pow'rs design'd,
And took th' impartial scales, resolv'd to show
If greater bliss in warlike pomp we find,
Or in the calm which peaceful times bestow. 20

On Neptune's part he plac'd victorious days,
 Gay trophies won, and fame extending wide;
 But Plenty, Safety, Science, Arts, and Ease,
 Minerva's scale with greater weight supply'd.

Fierce War devours whom gentle Peace would save;
 Sweet Peace restores what angry War destroys; 26
 War made for peace with that rewards the brave,
 While peace its pleasures from itself enjoys.

Hence vanquish'd Neptune to the sea withdrew,
 Hence wife Minerva rul'd Athenian lands; 30
 Her Athens hence in arts and honours grew,
 And still her Olives deck pacific hands.

From fables thus disclos'd, a monarch's mind
 May form just rules to chuse the truly great,
 And subjects, weary'd with distresses, find 35
 Whose kind endeavours most befriend the state.

Ev'n Britain here may learn to place her love,
 If cities won her kingdom's wealth have cost;
 If Anna's thoughts the patriot souls approve,
 Whose cares restore that wealth the wars had lost. 40

But if we ask, the moral to disclose,
 Whom her best patroness Europa calls,

Great Anna's title no exception knows,
And unapply'd in this the fable falls.

With her nor Neptune or Minerva vies: 45
Whene'er she pleas'd her troops to conquest flew;
Whene'er she pleases peaceful times arise:
She gave the Horse, and gives the Olive too. 48

THE THIRD SATIRE

OF DR. DONNE.

VERSIFIED BY DR. PARNELL.

COMPASSION checks my spleen, yet scorn denies
The tears a passage through my swelling eyes;
To laugh or weep at sins might idly show
Unheedful passion or unfruitful woe.
Satire ! arise, and try thy sharper ways, 5
If ever satire cur'd an old disease.
Is not Religion (heav'n-descended dame!)
As worthy all our soul's devoutest flame,
As Moral Virtue in her early sway,
When the best Heathens saw by doubtful day? 10

THE THIRD SATIRE

OF DR. DONNE.

KIND Pity checks my spleen, brave Scorn forbids
Those tears to issue which swell my eye-lids.
I must not laugh nor weep sins, but be wise,
Can railing then cure these worn maladies?
Is not our mistress, fair Religion,
As worthy of all our soul's devotion
As Virtue was to the first blinded age?
Are not heaven's joyes as valiant to assuage

Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,
 As great and strong to vanish earthly love
 As earthly glory, fame, respect, and thow,
 As all rewards their virtue found below?

Alas! Religion proper means prepares, 15
 These means are ours, and must its end be theirs?
 And shall thy father's spirit meet the sight
 Of Heathen fages cloth'd in heav'nly light,
 Whose merit of strict life, severely suited
 To Reason's dictates, may be faith imputed, 20
 Whilst thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,
 Art ever banish'd from the bless'd abode?

Oh! if thy temper such a fear can find,
 This fear were valour of the noblest kind.

Dar'st thou provoke, when rebel-souls aspire, 25
 Thy Maker's vengeance and thy monarch's ire,
 Or live entomb'd in ships, thy leader's prey,
 Spoil of the war, the famine, or the sea;

Lusts, as earth's honour was to them? Alas!
 As we do them in means, shall they surpass
 Us in the end? and shall thy father's spirit
 Meet blind philosophers in heaven, whose merit
 Of strict life may be imputed faith, and hear
 Thee, whom he taught so easie wayes and near
 To follow, damn'd? Oh! if thou dar'st, fear this:
 This fear great courage and high valour is.
 Dar'st thou ayd mutinous Dutch? and dar'st thou lay
 Thee in ships, wooden sepulchres, a prey

In search of pearl in depth of ocean breathe,
 Or live, exil'd the sun, in mines beneath, 30
 Or where in tempests icy mountains roll,
 Attempt a passage by the northern pole?
 Or dar'st thou parch within the fires of Spain,
 Or burn beneath the line for Indian gain?
 Or for some idol of thy fancy draw 35
 Some loose-gown'd dame? O courage made of straw!
 Thus, desp'rate Coward! would'st thou bold appear,
 Yet when thy God has plac'd thee centry here,
 To thy own foes, to his, ignoble yield,
 And leave, for wars forbid, th' appointed field? 40

To leaders' rage, to storms, to shot, to dearth?
 Dar'st thou dive seas and dungeons of the earth?
 Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
 Of frozen North discoveries, and thrice
 Colder than salamanders? like divine
 Children in th' oven, fires of Spain and the line,
 Whose countries limbecks to our bodies be,
 Canst thou for gain bear? and must every he
 Which cries not Goddess to thy mistress draw
 Or eat thy poysonous words: Courage of straw!
 O desperate Coward! wilt thou seem bold, and
 'To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand
 Sentinel in this world's garrison) thus yield,
 And for forbid warres leave th' appointed field?

Know thy own foes; th' apostate Angel, he
 You strive to please, the foremost of the three;
 He makes the pleasures of his realm the bait,
 But can he give for love that acts in hate?
 The World's thy second love, thy second foe, 45
 The World, whose beauties perish as they blow;
 They fly, she fades herself, and at the best,
 You grasp a wither'd strumpet to your breast:
 The Flesh is next, which in fruition wastes,
 High flush'd with all the sensual joys it tastes; 50
 While men the fair the goodly soul destroy,
 From whence the Flesh has pow'r to taste a joy.
 Seek thou Religion primitively found— —
 Well, gentle Friend! but where may she be found?

Know thy foes; the foul Devil (he whom thou
 Striv'st to please) for hate, not love, would allow
 Thee fain his whole realm to be quit; and as
 The world's all parts wither away and pass,
 So the World's self, thy other lov'd foe, is
 In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this
 Dost love a withered and worn strumpet: last 39
 Flesh (it self's death) and joyes which flesh can tast
 Thou lovest; and thy fair goodly soul, which doth
 Give this flesh power to tast joy, thou dost loath.
 Seek true Religion! O where? Mirreus
 Thinking her unhou's'd here, and fled from us,

By faith implicit blind Ignaro led, 55
 Thinks the bright seraph from his country fled,
 And seeks her seat at Rome, because we know
 She there was seen a thousand years ago,
 And loves her relic rags, as men obey
 The foot-cloth where the prince sat yesterday. 60
 These pageant forms are whining Obed's scorn,
 Who seeks Religion at Geneva born ;
 A sullen thing, whose coarseness suits the crowd,
 Tho' young unhandsome; tho' unhandsome proud.
 Thus, with the wanton, some perversely judge
 All girls unhealthy but the country drudge. 66
 No foreign schemes make easy Cæpio roam,
 The man contented takes his church at home;

Seeks her at Rome: there, because he doth know
 That she was there a thousand years ago,
 He loves the raggs so, as we here obey
 The state-cloth where the prince sat yesterday.
 Grants to such brave loves will not be inthrall'd,
 But loves her only who at Geneva is call'd
 Religion, plain, simple, sullen, young,
 Contemptuous yet unhandsome. As among
 Lecherous humours there is one that judges
 No wenches wholesome but coarse country drudges.
 Grajus stays still at home here, and because
 Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws

Nay, should some preachers, servile bawds of gain,
Should some new laws, which like new fashions reign,
Command his faith to count salvation ty'd 71

To visit his, and visit none beside,

He grants salvation centres in his own,

And grants it centres but in his alone :

From youth to age he grasps the proffer'd dame, 75

And they confer his faith who give his name;

So from the guardians' hands the wards who live

Enthrall'd to guardians take the wives they give.

From all professions careless Airy flies,

For all professions can't be good, he cries; 80

And here a fault, and there another views,

And lives unfix'd for want of heart to chuse.

So men, who know what some loose girls have done,

For fear of marrying such will marry none.

The charms of all obsequious Courtly strike, 85

On each he dotes, on each attends alike;

Still new, like fashions, bids him think that she

Which dwels with us is only perfect, he

Imbraceth her whom his godfathers will

Tender to him, being tender, as wards still

Take such wives as their guardians offer or

Pay valeds. Careless Phrygius doth abhor

All, because all cannot be good; as one

Knowing some women whores, dares marry none,

And thinks, as different countries deck the dame,
 The dresses altering, and the sex the same :
 So fares Religion, chang'd in outward show,
 But 'tis Religion still where'er we go. 90
 This blindness springs from an excess of light,
 And men embrace the wrong to chuse the right.
 But thou of force must one Religion own,
 And only one, and that the right alone;
 To find that right one ask thy rev'rend sire, 95
 Let him of his, and him of his inquire:
 Tho' Truth and Falsehood seem as twins ally'd,
 There's eldership on Truth's delightful side;
 Her seek with heed — who seeks the soundest first
 Is not of no Religion, nor the worst. 100
 T' adore or scorn an image, or protest,
 May all be bad. Doubt wisely for the best :

Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that so
 As women do in divers countries go
 In divers habits, yet are still one kind;
 So doth, so is Religion; and this blind-
 Nefs too much light breeds. But unmoved thou
 Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow,
 And the right; ask thy father which is she,
 Let him ask his. Though Truth and Falsehood be
 Near twins, yet Truth a little elder is.
 Be busie to seek her; believe me this,
 He's not of none nor worst that seeks the best.
 To adore or scorn an image, or protest,

'Twere wrong to sleep, or headlong run astray :
It is not wand'ring to inquire the way.

On a large mountain, at the basis wide, 105
Steep to the top, and craggy at the side,
Sits sacred Truth enthron'd; and he who means
To reach the summit, mounts with weary pains,
Winds round and round, and every turn essays,
Where sudden breaks resist the shorter ways. 110
Yet labour so, that ere faint age arrive,
Thy searching soul possess her rest alive.
To work by twilight were to work too late,
And age is twilight to the night of Fate.
To will alone is but to mean delay ; 115
To work at present is the use of day :
For man's employ much thought and deed remain,
High thoughts the soul, hard deeds the body strain,

May all the bad. Doubt wisely : in strange way
To stand inquiring right is not to stray :
To sleep or run wrong is. On a huge hill,
Cragged and steep, Truth stands, and he that will
Reach her, about must and about it go ;
And what the hill's suddenness resists, win so,
Yet strive so, that before age, death's twilight,
Thy soul rest ; for none can work in that night.
To will implies delay, therefore now do.
Hard deeds the bodies pains ; hard knowledge to
The mind's indeavours reach ; and mysteries
Are like the sun, dazzling, yet plain to all eyes.

And myſt'ries ask believing, which to view,
Like the fair ſun, are plain, but dazzling too. 120

Be truth, ſo found, with ſacred heed poſſeſt,
Not kings have power to tear it from thy breaſt.
By no blank charters harm they where they hate,
Nor are they vicars, but the hands of Fate.
Ah! fool and wretch! who lett'ſt thy ſoul be ty'd 125
To human laws! or muſt it ſo be try'd?

Or will it boot thee, at the lateſt day,
When Judgment ſits, and Juſtice aſks thy plea,
That Philip that, or Greg'ry taught thee this,
Or John or Martin? All may teach amiſs; 130
For ev'ry contrary in ſuch extreme
This holds alike, and each may plead the ſame.

Wouldſt thou to pow'r a proper duty ſhow?
'Tis thy firſt taſk the bounds of Power to know,

Keep the truth which thou haſt found; men do not ſtand
In ſo ill caſe that God hath with his hand
Sign'd kings blank charters to kill whom they hate,
Nor are they vicars, but hangmen to Fate.
Fool and wretch! wilt thou let thy ſoul be tyed
To man's laws, by which ſhe ſhall not be tryed
At the laſt day? or will it then boot thee
To ſay a Philip or a Gregory,
A Harry or a Martin, taught me this?
Is not this excuſe for meer contraries
Equally ſtrong? cannot both ſides ſay ſo? [know,
That thou mayeſt rightly obey Power, her bounds

The bounds once past, it holds the same no more, 135

Its nature alters, which it own'd before;

Nor were submission humbleness exprest,

But all a low idolatry at best.

Pow'r from above, subordinately spread,

Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head; 140

There calm and pure the living waters flow,

But roars a torrent or a flood below;

Each flow'r ordain'd the margins to adorn,

Each native beauty from its roots is torn,

And left on deserts, rocks, and sands, are tost, 145

All the long travel, and in ocean lost.

So fares the soul which more that power reveres

Man claims from God, than what in God inheres. 148

Those past her nature and name are chang'd; to be

Then humble to her is idolatry.

As streams are power is: those best flowers that dwell

At the rough stream's calm head thrive and do well;

But having left their roots, and themselves given

To the stream's tyrannous rage, alas! are driven

Through mills, rocks, and woods, and at last, almost

Consum'd in going. in the sea are lost:

So perish souls which more chuse men's unjust

Power, from God claim'd, then God himself to trust.

TO THE READER.

THE following Poems were given by the Author to the late Benjamin Everard, Esq. and since his death found by his son among several other valuable manuscripts, who gave them to the Editor. The receipt annexed in Dean Swift's own hand-writing, and found at the same time, shews an acknowledgment that they are actually genuine.

Dec. 5. 1723.

Then received from Benjamin Everard, Esq. the above writings of the late Doctor Parnell, in four stitched volumes of manuscript, which I promise to restore to him on demand.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

The Editor finds himself obliged, in gratitude to the memory of the Author, thus to introduce these Posthumous Works †, lest they might be doubted really his. The former Poems, published in his lifetime, were justly admired

† The whole of the following Poems, to the end of Vol. II. fall under the denomination of *The Posthumous Works of Dr. Thomas Parnell, late Arch-deacon of Clogher, containing Poems moral and divine, and on various other subjects*; which were collected together, and published in one volume octavo.—The Hymns to Morning, Noon, and Evening, made also part of that Posthumous publication, but are printed in the preceding part of this volume, under the general title of *Hymns*, agreeable to the arrangement observed throughout the whole of these volumes of *The Poets of Great Britain*, by which each particular species of poetry will be found classed under its proper head.—The poem of the Hortè and the Olive, and the Versification of the Third Satire of Dr. Donne, by our Author, are to be found only in this edition of Dr. Parnell's Poems.

by all judges of poetry and literature, and highly commended by the late Mr. Pope, in his Dedication to the Earl of Oxford, beginning thus :

Such were the notes thy once-lov'd Poët sung,
 Till Death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
 Oh ! just beheld and lost ! admir'd and mourn'd !
 With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd !
 Bless'd in each science ! bless'd in every strain !
 Dear to the Muse, to Harley dear --- in vain ! ---
 Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
 (A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
 Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
 Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays.

Such were the sentiments of Mr. Pope, but, alas ! he is no more to sing the praises of his Parnell ! How weak the pencil of praise in any but the hands of such a master ! therefore I leave to my readers how far these Productions come up to, if not excel, any of his former, being actuated, or rather divinely inspired, in the following subjects, so far as relates to the Holy Scriptures. Having then the honour to usher this Orphan into the world, my heart exults in sure and permanent hope that the Father now tunes his lyre in the celestial spheres in harmony of numbers.

THE GIFT OF POETRY.

FROM realms of never-interrupted peace,
From thy fair station near the throne of Grace,
From choirs of angels, joys in endless round,
And endless Harmony's enchanting sound,
Charm'd with a zeal the Maker's praise to show, 5
Bright Gift of Verse descend! and here below
My ravish'd heart with rais'd affection fill,
And warbling o'er the soul incline my will.
Among thy pomp let rich Expression wait,
Let ranging Numbers form thy train complete, 10
While at thy motions over all the sky
Sweet sounds, and echoes sweet, resounding fly;
And where thy feet with gliding beauty tread,
Let Fancy's flow'ry spring erect its head.

It comes, it comes with unaccustom'd light! 15
The tracts of airy thought grow wondrous bright;
Its notions ancient Memory reviews,
And young Invention new designs pursues;
To some attempt my will and wishes press,
And pleasure, rais'd in hope, forbodes success. 20
My God! from whom proceed the gifts divine,
My God! I think I feel the gift is thine.
Be this no vain illusion which I find,
Nor Nature's impulse on the passive mind,
But Reason's act, produc'd by good desire, 25
By grace enliven'd with celestial fire:

While base conceits, like misty sons of Night,
 Before such beams of glory take their flight,
 And frail affections, born of earth, decay,
 Like weeds that wither in the warmer ray. 30

I thank thee, Father! with a grateful mind,
 Man's undeserving, and thy mercy kind;
 I now perceive I long to sing thy praise,
 I now perceive I long to find my lays,
 The sweet incentives of another's love, 35
 And sure such longings have their rise above;
 My resolution stands confirm'd within,
 My lines aspiring eagerly begin;
 Begin, my Lines! to such a subject due,
 That aids our labours and rewards them too; 40
 Begin, while Canaan opens to mine eyes,
 Where souls and songs divinely form'd arise.

As one whom o'er the sweetly-vary'd meads
 Entire recess and lonely pleasure leads,
 To verdur'd banks, to paths adorn'd with flowers, 45
 To shady trees, to closely-waving bowers,
 To bubbling fountains, and aside the stream
 That softly gliding sooths a waking dream,
 Or bears the thought inspir'd with heat along,
 And with fair images improves a song; 50
 Thro' sacred anthems so may Fancy range,
 So still from beauty still to beauty change,
 To feel delights in all the radiant way,
 And with sweet numbers what it feels repay:

For this I call that ancient Time appear, 55
 And bring his rolls to serve in method here;
 His rolls, which acts that endless honour claim,
 Have rank'd in order for the voice of Fame.

My call is favour'd, Time, from first to last,
 Unwinds his years; the present sees the past: 60
 View their circles as he turns them o'er,
 And fix my footsteps where he went before.

The page unfolding would a top disclose,
 Where sounds melodious in their birth arose;
 Where first the morning stars together sung, 65
 Where first their harps the sons of glory strung
 With shouts of joy, while hallelujahs rise
 To prove the chorus of eternal skies;
 Rich sparkling strokes the letters doubly gild,
 And all's with love and admiration fill'd. 70

THE SOUL IN SORROW.

WITH kind compassion hear my cry,
O Jesu! Lord of life, on high!
As when the summer's seasons beat
With scorching flame and parching heat,
The trees are burnt, the flowers fade, §
And thirsty gaps in earth are made,
My thoughts of comfort languish so,
And so my soul is broke by woe.
Then on thy servant's drooping head
Thy dews of blessing sweetly shed; 10
Let those a quick refreshment give,
And raise my mind, and bid me live.
My fears of danger while I breathe,
My dread of endless hell beneath,
My sense of sorrow for my sin, 15
To springing comfort change within;
Change all my sad complaints for ease,
To cheerful notes of endless praise,
Nor let a tear mine eyes employ,
But such as owe their birth to joy; 20
Joy transporting, sweet and strong,
Fit to fill and raise my song;
Joy that shall resounded be
While days and nights succeed for me.
Be not as a judge severe, 25
For so thy presence who may bear?

On all my words and actions look,
 (I know they're written in thy book)
 But then regard my mournful cry,
 And look with Mercy's gracious eye: 30
 What needs my blood, since thine will do
 To pay the debt to justice due?
 O tender Mercy's art divine!
 Thy sorrow proves the cure of mine;
 Thy dropping wounds, thy woful smart, 35
 Allay the bleedings of my heart:
 Thy death, in death's extreme of pain,
 Restores my soul to life again.
 Guide me, then, for here I burn
 To make my Saviour some return. 40
 I'll rise, (if that will please him still,
 And sure I've heard him own it will)
 I'll trace his steps and bear my cross,
 Despising ev'ry grief and loss,
 Since he, despising pain and shame,
 First took up his, and did the same. 46

THE HAPPY MAN.

How blest'd the man, how fully so,
 As far as man is blest'd below,
 Who, taking up his cross, essays
 To follow Jesus all his days,

With resolution to obey, 5
 And steps enlarging in his way!
 The Father of the faints above
 Adopts him with a father's love,
 And makes his bosom thoroughly shine;
 With wondrous stores of grace divine; 10
 Sweet grace divine, the pledge of joy,
 That will his soul above employ;
 Full joy, that when his time is done
 Becomes his portion as a son.
 Ah me! the sweet infus'd desires, 15
 The fervid wishes, holy fires,
 Which thus a melted heart refine,
 Such are his, and such be mine.
 From hence despising all besides
 That earth reveals or ocean hides, 20
 All that men in either prize,
 On God alone he sets his eyes:
 From hence his hope is on the wings,
 His health renews, his safety springs, 25
 His glory blazes up below,
 And all the streams of comfort flow.

He calls his Saviour King above, 31
 Lord of Mercy, Lord of Love,
 And finds a kingly care defend,
 And Mercy smile, and Love descend 30
 To cheer, to guide him in the ways
 Of this vain world's deceitful maze:

And tho' the wicked earth display
 Its terrors in their fierce array,
 Or gape so wide that horror shows 35
 'Tis hell replete with endless woes;
 Such succour keeps him clear of ill,
 Still firm to good, and dauntless still.

So, fix'd by Providence's hands,
 A rock amidst an ocean stands; 40
 So bears, without a trembling dread,
 The tempest beating round its head,
 And with its side repels the wave
 Whose hollow seems a coming grave:
 The skies, the deeps, are heard to roar, 45
 The rock stands settled as before.

I, all with whom he has to do,
 Admire the life which blesses you,
 That feeds a foe. that aids a friend,
 Without a bye-designing end; 50
 Its knowing real int'rest lies
 On the bright side of yonder skies,
 Where, having made a title fair,
 It mounts, and leaves the world to Care,
 While he that seeks for pleasing days 55
 In earthly joys and evil ways,
 Is but the fool of Toil or Fame,
 (Tho' happy be the spacious name)
 And made by wealth, which makes him great,
 A more conspicuous wretch of state. 60

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

How long, ye miserable blind!
Shall idle dreams engage your mind?
How long the passions make their flight
At empty shadows of delight?
No more in paths of error stray, 5
The Lord, thy Jesus, is the way,
The spring of happiness; and where
Should men seek happiness but there?
Then run to meet him at your need,
Run with boldness, run with speed, 10
For he forsook his own abode
To meet thee more than half the road.
He laid aside his radiant crown,
And love for mankind brought him down
To thirst and hunger, pain and woe, 15
To wounds, to death itself, below;
And he that suffer'd these alone
For all the world, despises none.
To bid the soul that's sick be clean,
To bring the lost to life again, 20
To comfort those that grieve for ill,
Is his peculiar goodness still.
And as the thoughts of parents run
Upon a dear and only son,

So kind a love his mercies show, 25
 So kind, and more extremely so.

Thrice happy Men! (or find a phrase
 That speaks your blifs with greater praise)
 Who, most obedient to thy call,
 Leaving pleasures, leaving all, 30
 With heart, with soul, with strength, incline,
 O sweetest Jesu! to be thine.
 Who know thy will, observe thy ways,
 And in thy service spend their days,
 E'en death, that seems to set them free,
 But brings them closer still to thee. 36

THE CONVERT'S LOVE.

BLESSED Light of saints on high,
 Who fill the mansions of the sky;
 Sure Defence, whose mercy still
 Preserves thy subjects here from ill;
 O my Jesus! make me know 5
 How to pay the thanks I owe.

As the fond sheep that idly strays
 With wanton play thro' winding ways,
 Which never hits the road of home,
 O'er wilds of danger learns to roam, 10
 Till wearied out with idle fear,
 And passing there and turning here,

He will for rest to covert run,
 And meet the wolf he wish'd to shun :
 Thus wretched I, thro' wanton will 15
 Run blind and headlong on in ill :
 'Twas thus from sin to sin I flew,
 And thus I might have perish'd too,
 But Mercy dropt the likenefs here,
 And shew'd and sav'd me from my fear ; 20
 While o'er the darknes of my mind
 The sacred Spirit purely shin'd,
 And mark'd and bright'ned all the way
 Which leads to everlasting day,
 And broke the thick'ning clouds of sin, 25
 And fix'd the light of love within.

From hence my ravish'd soul aspires,
 And dates the rise of its desires :
 From hence to thee, my God ! I turn,
 And fervent wishes say I burn ; 30
 I burn thy glorious face to see,
 And live in endless joy with thee.

There's no such ardent kind of flame
 Between the lover and the dame ;
 Nor such affection parents bear 35
 To their young and only heir,
 Tho' join'd together both conspire,
 And boast a doubled force of fire :
 My tender heart within its feat
 Dissolves before the scorching heat, 40

As soft'ning wax is taught to run
Before the warmth of the sun.

O my flame, my pleasing pain,
Burn and purify my stain!

Warm me, burn me, day by day, 45

Till you purge my earth away,

Till at the last I thoroughly shine,

And turn a torch of love divine. 48

A DESIRE TO PRAISE.

PROFITIOUS Son of God! to thee

With all my soul I bend my knee;

My wish I send, my want impart,

And dedicate my mind and heart;

For as an absent parent's son,

Whose second year is only run,

When no protecting friend is near,

Void of wit, and void of fear,

With things that hurt him fondly plays,

Or here he falls, or there he strays; 10

So, should my soul's eternal guide,

The sacred Spirit, be deny'd,

Thy servant soon the loss would know,

And sink in sin, or run to woe.

O Spirit! bountifully kind, 15

Warm, possess, and fill my mind;

Disperse my sins with light divine,
 And raise the flames of love with thine:
 Before thy pleasures rightly priz'd,
 Let wealth and honour be despis'd; 20
 And let the Father's glory be
 More dear itself than life to me.

Sing of Jesus, Virgins! sing
 Him your everlasting King;
 Sing of Jesus, cheerful Youth! 25
 Him the God of love and truth:
 Write and raise a song divine,
 Or come and hear, and borrow mine.

Son eternal! Word supreme!
 Who made the universal frame, 30
 Heav'n, and all its shining show,
 Earth, and all it holds below,
 Bow with mercy, bow thine ear,
 While we sing thy praises here.

Son eternal! ever blest, 35
 Resting on the Father's breast,
 Whose tender love for all provides,
 Whose power over all presides,
 Bow with pity, bow thine ear,
 While we sing thy praises here. 40

Thou, by Pity's soft extreme
 Mov'd, and won, and set on flame,
 Assum'd the form of man, and fell
 In pains to rescue man from hell.

How bright thine humble glories rise; 45
 And match the lustre of the skies!
 From death and hell's dejected state
 Arising, thou resum'd thy seat,
 And golden thrones of bliss prepar'd
 Above, to be thy saints' reward. 50

How bright thy glorious honours rise,
 And with new lustre grace the skies!
 For thee the sweet seraphic choir
 Raise the voice and tune the lyre,
 And praises with harmonious sounds. 55
 Thro' all the highest heav'n rebounds.

O make our notes with theirs agree,
 And bless the souls that sing of thee.
 To thee the churches here rejoice,
 The solemn organs aid the voice: 60
 To sacred roofs the sound we raise,
 The sacred roofs resound thy praise;
 And while our notes in one agree,
 O bless the church that sings to thee! 64

ON HAPPINESS IN THIS LIFE.

THE morning opens very freshly gay,
And life itself is in the month of May.
With green my fancy paints an arbour o'er,
And flow'rets with a thousand colours more,
Then falls to weaving that, and spreading these, 5
And softly shakes them with an easy breeze;
With golden fruit adorns the bending shade,
Or trails a silver water o'er its bed.
Glide, gentle Water! still more gently by,
While in this summer-bower of blifs I lie, 10
And sweetly sing of sense-delighting flames,
And nymphs' and shepherds' soft-invented names,
Or view the branches which around me twine,
And praise their fruit, diffusing sprightly wine;
Or find new pleasures in the world to praise, 15
And still with this return adorn my lays;
"Range round your gardens of eternal spring;
"Go range, my Senses! while I sweetly sing."
In vain, in vain, alas! seduc'd by ill,
And acted wildly by the force of will, 20
I tell my soul it will be constant May,
And charm a season never made to stay;
My beauteous arbour will not stand a storm,
The world but promises, and can't perform:
Then fade, ye Leaves! and wither, all ye Flow'rs! 25
I'll dote no longer in enchanted bow'rs,

But sadly mourn, in melancholy song,
 The vain conceits that held my soul so long,
 The lusts that tempt us with delusive show,
 And sin, brought forth for everlasting woe. 30
 Thus shall the notes to sorrow's object rise,
 While frequent rests procure a place for sighs;
 And as I moan upon the naked plain,
 Be this the burthen closing ev'ry strain;
 "Return, my Senses! range no more abroad;
 "He'll only find his bliss who seeks for God." 36

ECSTASY.

THE fleeting joys which all affords below
 Work the fond heart with unperforming show,
 The wish that makes our happier life complete,
 Nor grasps the wealth nor honours of the great,
 Nor loofely sails on Pleasure's easy stream, 5
 Nor gathers wreaths from all the groves of Fame;
 Weak Man! who charms to these alone confine,
 Attend my pray'r, and learn to make it thine.

From thy rich throne, where circling trains of light
 Make day that's endless infinitely bright, 10
 Thence, heav'nly Father! thence with mercy dart
 One beam of brightness to my longing heart:
 Dawn thro' the mind, drive Error's clouds away,
 And still the rage in Passion's troubled sea,

That the poor banish'd soul, serene and free, 15
 May rise from earth to visit heav'n and thee.

Come, Peace divine! shed gently from above;
 Inspire my willing bosom, wondrous Love!
 Thy purpled pinions to my shoulders tie,
 And point the passage where I want to fly. 20

But whither, whither now! what pow'ful fire
 With this bless'd influence equals my desire?
 I rise, (or Love, the kind deluder, reigns
 And acts in fancy such enchanted scenes)
 Earth less'ning flies, the parting skies retreat, 25
 The fleecy clouds my waving feathers beat;
 And now the sun, and now the stars, are gone,
 Yet still methinks the spirit bears me on
 Where tracts of ether purer blue display,
 And edge the golden realm of native day. 30

Oh! strange enjoyment of a bliss unseen!
 Oh! ravishment! oh! sacred rage within!
 Tumultuous pleasure, rais'd on peace of mind,
 Sincere, excessive, from the world refin'd!
 I see the light that veils the throne on high, 35
 A light unpierc'd by man's impurer eye;
 I hear the words that issuing thence proclaim,
 "Let God's attendants praise his awful name!"
 Then heads unnumber'd bend before the shrine,
 Mysterious seat of Majesty divine! 40
 And hands unnumber'd strike the silver string,
 And tongues unnumber'd hallelujah sing.

See where the shining seraphims appear,
 And sink their decent eyes with holy fear;
 See flights of angels all their feathers raise, 45
 And range the orbs, and as they range they praise:
 Behold the great Apostles! sweetly met,
 And high on pearls of azure ether set:
 Behold the Prophets, full of heav'nly fire,
 With wand'ring finger wake the trembling lyre; 50
 And hear the Martyrs tune, and all around
 The Church triumphant makes the region sound.
 With harps of gold, with bows of ever-green,
 With robes of white, the pious throngs are seen,
 Exalted anthems all their hours employ, 55
 And all is music and excess of joy.

Charm'd with the sight, I long to bear a part,
 The pleasure flutters at my ravish'd heart.
 Sweet saints and angels of the heavenly choir!
 If love has warm'd you with celestial fire, 60
 Assist my words, and as they move along,
 With hallelujahs crown the burthen'd song.

Father of all above and all below,
 O Great! and far beyond expression so,
 No bounds thy knowledge, none thy pow'r, confine, 65
 For pow'r and knowledge in their source are thine;
 Around thee Glory spreads her golden wing;
 Sing, glitt'ring Angels! hallelujah sing.

Son of the Father, first begotten Son!
 Ere the short measuring line of time begun, 70

The world has seen thy works, and joy'd to see
 The bright effulgence manifest in thee.
 The world must own thee Love's unfathom'd spring;
 Sing, glitt'ring Angels! hallelujah sing.
 Proceeding Spirit! equally divine, 75
 In whom the Godhead's full perfections shine,
 With various graces, comforts unexpress'd,
 With holy transports you refine the breast,
 And earth is heav'nly where your gifts you bring;
 Sing, glitt'ring Angels! hallelujah sing. 80
 But where's my rapture, where my wondrous heat,
 What interruption makes my blifs retreat?
 This world's got in, the thoughts of t'other's cross,
 And the gay picture's in my fancy lost.
 With what an eager zeal the conscieus soul 85
 Would claim its seat, and soaring pass the pole!
 But our attempts these chains of earth restrain;
 Deride our toil, and drag us down again.
 So from the ground aspiring meteors go,
 And, rank'd with planets, light the world below; 90
 But their own bodies sink them in the sky,
 When the warmth's gone that taught them how to fly.

ON DIVINE LOVE,

BY MEDITATING ON THE WOUNDS OF CHRIST.

HOLY Jesus! God of Love!
Look with pity from above,
Shed the precious purple tide
From thine hands, thy feet, thy side;
Let thy streams of comfort roll, 5
Let them please and fill my soul:
Let me thus for ever be
Full of gladness, full of thee;
This for which my wishes pine
Is the cup of love divine. 10
Sweet affections flow from hence,
Sweet above the joys of sense;
Blessed philtre! how we find
Its sacred worships! how the mind
Of all the world, forgetful grown, 15
Can despise an earthly throne,
Raise its thoughts to realms above,
Think of God, and sing of love!
Love celestial! wondrous heat!
O beyond expression great! 20
What resistless charms were thine
In thy good thy best design!
When God was hated, Sin obey'd,
And man undone without thy aid.

From the seats of endless peace 25
They brought the Son, the Lord of grace,
They taught him to receive a birth,
To clothe in flesh, to live on earth,
And after lifted him on high,
And taught him on the cross to die. 30
Love celestial! ardent fire!
O extreme of sweet desire!
Spread thy brightly raging flame
Thro' and over all my frame;
Let it warm me, let it burn, 35
Let my corpse to ashes turn,
And might thy flame thus act with me,
To set the soul from body free,
I next would use thy wings, and fly
To meet my Jesus in the sky. 40

THE VISION OF PIETY.

'Twas when the night in silent sable fled,
When cheerful morning sprung with rising red,
When dreams and vapours leave to crowd the brain,
And best the Vision draws its heav'nly scene;
'Twas then, as slumbering on my couch I lay, 5
A sudden splendor seem'd to kindle day,
A breeze came breathing, in a sweet perfume,
Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room,
And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,
Appear'd a daughter of th' realms of Rest: 10
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,
Her honour'd hand the sacred Volume bore;
Her raiment glist'ning seem'd, a silver white,
And all her sweet companions sons of Light.

Straight as I gaz'd my fear and wonder grew, 15
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view;
When, lo! the cherub of the shining crowd,
That sail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,
Fann'd the soft air, and downward seem'd to glide,
And to my lips a living coal apply'd; 20
Then while the warmth o'er all my pulses ran,
Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began.

“ Where glorious mansions are prepar'd above,
“ The seats of Music and the seats of Love,
“ Thence I descend, and Piety my name, 25
“ To warm thy bosom with celestial flame,

" To teach thee praises mix'd with humble pray'rs,
 " And tune thy soul to sing seraphic airs.
 " Be thou my bard." A vial here she caught,
 (An angel's hand the crystal vial brought) 30
 And, as with awful sound the word was said,
 She pour'd a sacred unction on my head;
 Then thus proceeded; " Be thy Muse thy zeal;
 " Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal;
 " While other pencils flatt'ring forms create, 35
 " And paint the gawdy plumes that deck the great;
 " While other pens exalt the vain delight,
 " Whose wasteful revel wakes the depth of night;
 " Or others softly sing in idle lines,
 " How Damon courts, or Amaryllis shines, 40
 " More wisely thou select a theme divine,
 " 'Tis flames their recompense, 'tis heav'n is thine.
 " Despise the raptures of discorded fire,
 " Where wine, or passion, or applause, inspire;
 " Low restless life, and ravings born of earth, 45
 " Whose meaner subjects speak their humble birth;
 " Like working seas, that, when loud winters blow,
 " Not made for rising, only rage below:
 " Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,
 " More lasting still as more intensely great; 50
 " Produc'd where pray'rand praise and pleasure breathe,
 " And ever mounting whence it shot beneath.
 " Unpaint the love that, hov'ring over beds,
 " From glittering pinions guilty pleasure sheds;

- " Restore the colour to the golden mines, 55
 " With which behind the feather'd idol shines :
 " To flow'ring greens restore their native care,
 " The rose and lily never his to wear ;
 " To sweet Arabia send the balmy breath,
 " Strip the fair flesh, and call the phantom Death : 60
 " His bow be fabled o'er, his shafts the same,
 " And fork and point them with eternal flame.
 " But urge thy pow'rs, thy utmost voice advance,
 " Make the loud strings against thy finger dance ;
 " 'Tis love that angels praise and men adore, 65
 " 'Tis love divine that asks it all and more :
 " Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,
 " Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way,
 " And all in glory wrapt, thro' paths untrod
 " Pursue the great unseen descent of God ; 70
 " Hail the meek Virgin, bid the Child appear,
 " The Child is God ! and call him Jesus here.
 " He comes ! but where to rest ? A manger's nigh ;
 " Make the great Being in a manger lie.
 " Fill the wide skies with angels on the wing, 75
 " Make thousands gaze, and make ten thousand sing.
 " Let men afflict him ; men he came to save,
 " And still afflict him till he reach the grave.
 " Make him resign'd ; his loads of sorrow meet,
 " And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet ; 80
 " I'll bathe my tresses there, my pray'rs rehearse,
 " And glide in flames of love along my verse.

" Ah! while I speak I feel my bosom swell,
 " My raptures smother what I long to tell!
 " 'Tis God! a present God! thro' cleaving air 85
 " I see the throne, and see the Jesus there
 " Plac'd on the right; he shews the wounds he bore,
 " (My fervours oft ' have won him thus before)
 " How pleas'd he looks! my words have reach'd his
 " He bids the gates unbar, and calls me near." [ear,
 She ceas'd; the cloud on which she seem'd to tread
 Its curls unfolded, and around her spread; 92
 Bright angels waft their wings to raise the cloud,
 And sweep their iv'ry lutes, and sing aloud.
 The scene moves off, while all its ambient sky 95
 Is turn'd to wondrous music as they fly,
 And soft the swelling sounds of music grow,
 And faint their softness, till they fail below.

My downy sleep the warmth of Phœbus broke,
 And while my thoughts were settling thus I spoke;
 " Thou beauteous Vision! on the soul impress, 101
 " When most my reason would appear to rest,
 " 'Twas sure with pencils dipt in various lights,
 " Some curious angel limn'd thy sacred sights,
 " From blazing suns his radiant gold he drew, 105
 " While moons the silver gave, and air the blue.
 " I'll mount the roving wind's expanded wing,
 " And seek the sacred hill, and light to sing:
 " ('Tis known in Jewry well) I'll make my lays,
 " Obedient to thy summons, sound with praise. 110

- “ But still I fear, unwarm’d with holy flame,
“ I take for truth the flatt’ries of a dream ;
“ And barely wish the wondrous gift I boast,
“ And faintly practice what deserves it most.
“ Indulgent Lord ! whose gracious love displays 115
“ Joys in the light, and fills the dark with ease,
“ Be this, to bless my days, no dream of bliss,
“ Or be, to bless the nights, my dreams like this.” 118

1. The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day. It is divided into three parts: the first part contains the history of the world from the beginning of time to the birth of Christ; the second part contains the history of the world from the birth of Christ to the present day; and the third part contains the history of the world from the present day to the end of time.
2. The second part of the book is devoted to a general history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day. It is divided into three parts: the first part contains the history of the world from the beginning of time to the birth of Christ; the second part contains the history of the world from the birth of Christ to the present day; and the third part contains the history of the world from the present day to the end of time.
3. The third part of the book is devoted to a general history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day. It is divided into three parts: the first part contains the history of the world from the beginning of time to the birth of Christ; the second part contains the history of the world from the birth of Christ to the present day; and the third part contains the history of the world from the present day to the end of time.

17

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Life of the Author,	5
Dedication to the Rt. Hon. Robert, Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, by A. Pope,	23

ANACREONTICS.

Anacreontic I.	25
Anacreontic II.	27

ECLOGUES.

Health. An Eclogue,	31
The Flies. An Eclogue,	34

SONGS.

Song I. When thy beauty appears, &c.	37
Song II. Thyrsis, a young, &c.	ib.
Song III. My days have been, &c.	39

HYMNS.

A Hymn to Contentment,	41
A Hymn for Morning,	44
A Hymn for Noon,	45
A Hymn for Evening,	47

EPISTLES.

	Page
To Mr. Pope,	49
To a young Lady, on her translation of the story of Phœbus and Daphne, from Ovid.	52

MISCELLANIES.

Hesiod: or, The Rise of Woman,	54
The Hermit,	64
A Fairy Tale, in the ancient English style,	73
The Vigil of Venus. Written in the time of Julius Cæsar, and by some ascribed to Catullus,	82
Homer's Batrachomyomachia: or, The Battle of the Frogs and Mice. In three Books.	
Book I.	93
Book II.	99
Book III.	104
A translation of part of the first Canto of the Rape of the Lock into Leonine verse, after the manner of the ancient Monks;	112
An Elegy. To an old Beauty;	115
The Book-worm,	118
An Allegory on Man,	122
In imitation of some French verses,	126
A Night-piece on death,	128
The Horse and the Olive,	132
The third Satire of Dr. Donne versified by Dr. Parnell,	135

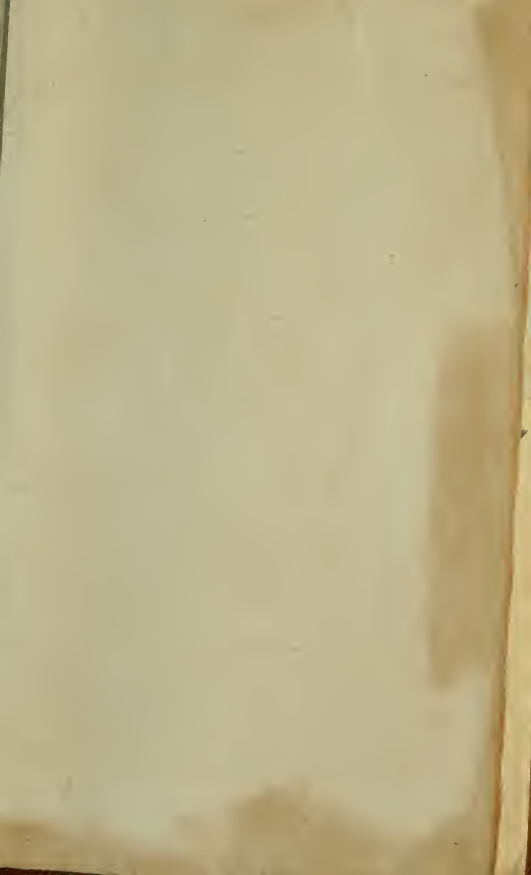
To the Reader. Prefixed to Parnell's Posthumous Works,	145
The Gift of Poetry,	147
The Soul in Sorrow,	150
The Happy Man,	151
The way to Happiness,	154
The Convert's love,	155
A desire to praise,	157
On Happiness in this Life,	160
Ecstasy,	161
On Divine Love, by meditating on the wounds of Christ,	165
The Vision of Piety,	167

From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
March 14. 1778.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

102	...
103	...
104	...
105	...
106	...
107	...
108	...
109	...
110	...
111	...
112	...
113	...
114	...
115	...
116	...
117	...
118	...
119	...
120	...

THE
 UNIVERSITY OF
 CHICAGO
 LIBRARY



1871

- 1. ...
- 2. ...
- 3. ...
- 4. ...
- 5. ...
- 6. ...
- 7. ...
- 8. ...
- 9. ...
- 10. ...
- 11. ...
- 12. ...
- 13. ...
- 14. ...
- 15. ...
- 16. ...
- 17. ...
- 18. ...
- 19. ...
- 20. ...

...

...

...

...

...

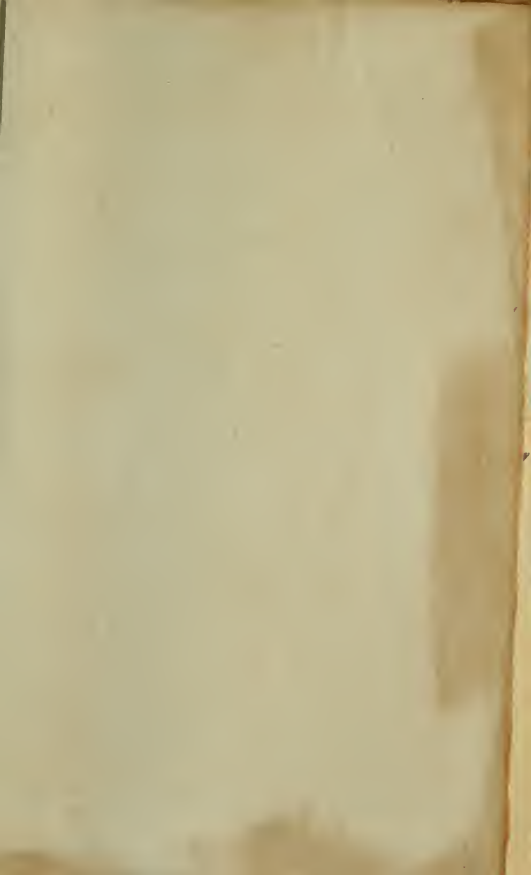
...

...

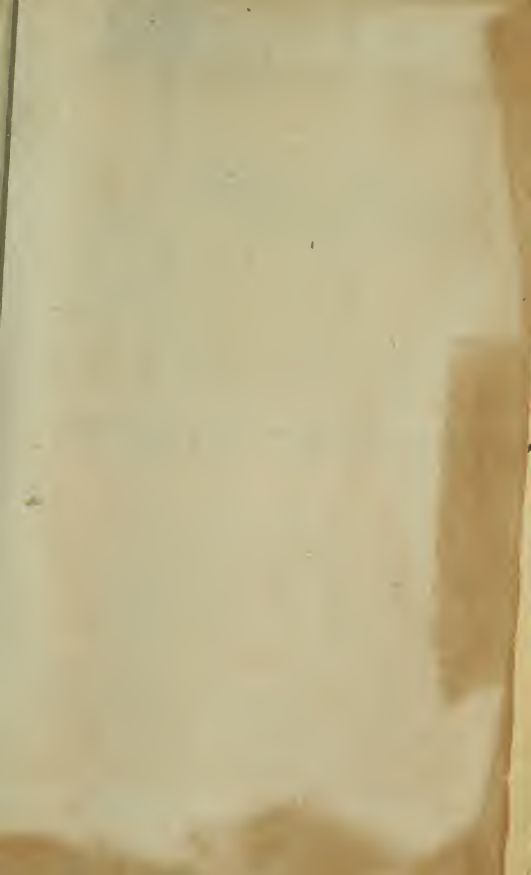
...

...

...







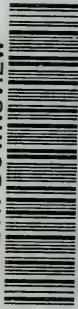


PR
3616
A1
1778
v.2

Parnell, Thomas
Poetical works

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW



D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C
39 12 13 03 14 003 1